THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

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SKETCH
OF THE MEMOIRS OF THE LATE
LORD ROKEBY.

(Enriched with a capital Portrait in Colours.)

"We ne'er shall look upon his like again."
SHAKESPEARE.

THE *decease* of EMINENT CHARACTERS naturally rouses the attention of mankind. Their talents and their virtues become still more interesting when we find that they have for ever quitted the stage of mortality. We are then supposed to view their actions through a more distinct medium —and temptations, either to flattery or to resentment, being equally removed, we adjudge their merits with a more rigorous impartiality. With these ideas we sit down to collect particulars respecting the late venerable LORD ROKEBY. He was a truly original character—few biographers can do justice to his integrity. We shall, however, do the best in our power, and we trust to that candour which we have hitherto liberally experienced from the readers of our Miscellany. Our account, indeed, cannot be any thing more than a

sketch—but, we hope, that these outlines will be perused with a degree of satisfaction.

LORD ROKEBY (whose real name was MATTHEW ROBINSON), was born about the year 1712, near Hythe, in the county of Kent. He was the eldest son of Sir Septimius Robinson, Knt. whose family possessed considerable influence in the court of George the second. He was sent at the usual age to Westminster school, where the children of the wealthy are for the most part educated and prepared for the university. Accordingly, the subject of our memoirs was in due time admitted at Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he applied to his learning with great diligence, and acquitted himself with ability. A proof of this his progress may be taken from his election to a fellowship—of which he was very fond, and retained it to the close of his life. The taste which he acquired for literature during his early years, never forsook him—his library was large and well chosen—and he could refer to the contents of his several volumes with a wonderful facility. Education is always sure of cherishing those seeds of good sense which lie latent in most minds, and is an excellent means of raising the character to a meritorious celebrity. Even where it is not wanted as a medium of livelihood, it greatly heightens and promotes respectability.

After his education was completed, he went to Aix-la-Chapelle, in Germany, a place celebrated for its baths, and, at that period, much distinguished for the *peace* made there, by which the European nations were once more brought back to their accustomed serenity. The company generally frequenting this spot, rendered it the resort of fashion—and here LORD ROKEBY passed much of his time, indulging himself in every species of gaiety. His wit and politeness attracted no small

attention, and he soon became the theme of general admiration.

Upon his return to his native country, the electors of Canterbury chose him to represent them in parliament. The duties of this public station he discharged with uncommon integrity. Duly apprised of the importance of his office, he made himself acquainted with the views of his constituents, and deemed himself only *the organ* through which *they* were to legislate for their country. Such were his ideas of the province of a member of parliament—and, agreeable to these notions, he acted in his public capacity with zeal and activity. At the ensuing general election he was re-chosen with acclamations of applause. The electors *knew* him to be an *honest* man—were therefore proud of his services—whilst he, on the other hand, considered *their* approbation as a source of the most refined satisfaction.

During the American war he remonstrated with peculiar energy against the measures taken against the colonists by this country. He foresaw the evil consequences which must proceed from coercion. He reprobated *taxation without representation*, which was the only ground of complaint with the Americans in the first stages of that unhappy business. They afterwards indeed aspired to the proud idea of independence, and their struggles were finally crowned with victory.

How long LORD ROKEBY continued in parliament we are not able to say, nor can we with certainty assign the reasons of his resignation. He, however, positively refused to be chosen at the next election, and retired to his seat near Hythe, where he passed his life free from those cares and anxieties which attend public stations. The sensible mind is never at a loss for enjoyment. Nature

and art lay their stores at the feet of that man who contemplates them with an appropriate sensibility.

Much about this period his father died, when he came into the enjoyment of the paternal estate, which must have administered to his peculiar gratifications. He now henceforwards led the life of a country gentleman, and indulged himself in those eccentricities for which he has been so distinguished. It must, however, be mentioned to his praise, that, with all his whims, he entertained his company with a liberal hospitality. His table, on such occasions, was plenteous—and the conversation was generally conducted with freedom and hilarity. His connections being large and respectable, and a curiosity being excited about his person and manners, these two circumstances were the occasion of his mansion being often frequented. Guests were seldom long absent, and always handsomely entertained. His seat, named *Mount Morris*, is pleasantly situated near Romney Marsh, in the vicinity of Hythe, where he was known and beloved. For his eccentricities, individuals who knew him well, would make due allowance—but in strangers who saw him for the first time, and were unacquainted with his history, the odd appearance of his person and the singularity of his manners, must excite curious sensations. But the *interior* constitutes the man, and is, therefore, that part of the human character which deserves principal attention.

It was not till the year 1794 that the subject of our memoir acquired the title of LORD ROKEBY, by the death of his uncle, the Archbishop of Armagh, in Ireland. Thus he became a peer of the realm! This accession of honour produced no pernicious effect on his mind. Far from being elated on this account, he continued the same plain ho-

nest man—a character on which he justly prided himself. He knew that talents and virtue were the only just ground of estimation. All besides were mere externals, and only served to set off what was often insignificant in itself, or to raise the idle gaze of the multitude. The trappings of grandeur were, in his opinion, calculated to gratify the herd of mankind.

This venerable nobleman died at his seat in Kent, in the month of December last, in the 88th year of his age. No particulars relative to his illness and dissolution, worthy of being detailed, have transpired. His person, his manners, and the mode after which he conducted his paternal estate, these are subjects of a legitimate curiosity. We shall touch on each of these topics, because in them *all* he indulged no small degree of eccentricity.

1. With respect to the person of his lordship, he was distinguished by a *long beard*, which reached down almost to the middle of his body. This venerable appendage made him look like an inhabitant of the antediluvian world. We cannot ascertain the period when he first suffered it to grow, but its length proclaimed it of no recent date—for many years indeed had he been remarkable for this decoration, which rendered him an object of general curiosity. *Beards* were once marks of respectability, particularly among the ancients, who were no mean judges of beauty. In this article, however, the case is now reversed—and it is, at least, considered as an indubitable token of eccentricity. Why his lordship adopted it, we know not—reasons for such a conduct are not easily found—it bids defiance even to conjecture, and baffles our sagacity.

2. His manners and habits of life approached to a primitive simplicity—though perfectly polite, he

in most things studied a dissimilarity. He spoke and acted after a mode peculiarly his own, at the same time treating those around him with frankness and liberality. His diet was chiefly on beef-tea—wine and spirituous liquors he held in abhorrence. Indeed, with respect to exotics of every description, he discouraged their consumption, from an idea that our own island was, by means of its productions, competent to the support of its inhabitants. Beef, over which boiled water had been poured, and eaten off a wooden platter, was a favourite dish, by which his appetite was frequently gratified. Tea and coffee he would not touch, neither sugar, for which he substituted honey—for to sweet things he cherished a strong attachment. Of course, many stories were told of his diet, not true; but with regard to the particulars already specified, the reader may rely on their authenticity. Nor should we here forget to mention that he was extremely fond of *bathing*, even from an early period of life, and continued the practice almost to his dying day. The frequency of his ablutions is astonishing, and he used to remain in the water a considerable length of time. His constitution had been accustomed to it, and perhaps, at least, his health required such reiterated purifications. Physicians indeed recommend bathing to persons of almost every description; it invigorates the nervous system, whets the appetite, and creates a vigour throughout the whole animal economy. To this circumstance, it is more than probable, LORD ROKEBY ascribed his great longevity. This part of the subject will receive an illustration from the following account of his lordship, which appeared in print some time ago. — A gentleman making the tour of Kent, thus speaks of his visit to *Mount Morris:* "On my approach to the house, I stopped dur-

ing some time to examine it. It is a good plain gentleman's seat, the grounds were abundantly stocked with black cattle, and I could perceive a horse or two on the steps of the principal entrance. After the proper enquiries, I was carried by a servant to a little grove to the right of the avenue, which being entered at a small swing gate, a building, with a glass covering, dipping obliquely to the south-west, presented itself, which, at first sight, appeared to be a green house. The man who accompanied me opened a little wicket, and, on looking in, I perceived a bath immediately under the glass, with a current of water supplied from a pond behind. On approaching a door two handsome spaniels, with long ears, and apparently of King Charles's breed, advanced, and, like faithful guardians, denied us access, until soothed into security by the well-known accents of the domestic. We then proceeded, and gently passing along a wooden floor, saw his lordship stretched *on his face*, at the farther end! He had just come out of the water, and was dressed in an old blue woollen coat, and pantaloons of the same colour. The upper part of his head was bald, but the hair on his chin, which could not be concealed even by the posture he had assumed, made its appearance between his arms on each side! I immediately retired, and waited at a little distance until he awoke, when rising, he opened the door, darted through the thicket, accompanied by his dogs, and made directly for the house." This characteristic anecdote accords exactly with other accounts that have been communicated respecting this extraordinary nobleman, who took a pride in deviating from the usual practices of mankind.

3. The manner after which he conducted his paternal estate, forms another singular trait in the character of his lordship. We say *conducted*, be-

cause we cannot use the term cultivated in the present connection with propriety. It was his mode to suffer every thing on his lands to run out in all directions. The woods and parks with which his mansion was encircled, were left to vegetate with a wild luxuriency. Nature was not in any respect checked by art—she sported herself in ten thousand charms, and exhibited the countless forms of variety. The animals also, of every class, were left in the same state of perfect freedom, and were seen bounding through his pastures with uncommon spirit and energy. In some respects this general licence which he gave to the animate and inanimate objects around him, may challenge our admiration. Nature, in such a case, must undoubtedly be more unrestrained in her operations, and would, of course, stinted by no foreign causes, expand with a greater grandeur and sublimity! But, nevertheless, it must be confessed that this idea was carried by his lordship to an excess. The God of Nature has left much to be performed by the care and industry of man. We are expected to reduce many things to juster proportions—and we are to render this lower world, by *improvements* subservient in a still higher degree, both to our pleasure and utility.

Such then, is our portrait of LORD ROKEBY—we have endeavoured faithfully to copy the original—and happy shall we deem ourselves, should it be found that we have sketched the features with fidelity. His was no common character. Peculiar in his talents, in his habits of life, and in his general views of mankind, we must expect his history to have been marked by a singular train of actions. Such was really the case—and few individuals had a more indisputable claim to originality. With all these eccentricities, however, he possessed virtues by which his defects were abundantly

overbalanced. We shall close this narrative by specifying one trait of excellence for which his whole life was distinguished—HIS *ardent and unabated love of freedom!* Inimical to measures, which, in his opinion, encroached on the liberties of mankind, he ceased not to lift up his voice against every species of oppression. Independent in his own views and manners, he spoke his mind freely on all occasions, which drew even from his enemies expressions of admiration. Intent on the diffusion of happiness, he uniformly studied, (though in his own peculiar manner) the welfare and prosperity of his country

METHOD OF MAKING BREAD IN CHINA.

THE Chinese method of making their bread is very curious—they neither make use of yeast, or bake it in an oven. The shape and size of the loaves are not unlike the small bread made in this country. They are composed of nothing more than flour and water, and ranged on bars, which are laid across on an iron hollow pan, containing a certain quantity of water, which is then placed on an earthern stove. When the water boils, the vessel or pan is covered over with something like a shallow tub, and the steam of the water, for a few minutes, is all the baking, if it may be so called, which the bread receives. We understand, however, that it is by no means unpalatable;—in this state the Chinese consider it most nutritious.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XLVIII.]

THE TIME-PIECE.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which only poets know.—— COOPER.

IN this *second* book of the TASK, the author reprobates the degeneracy of the times, which he points out with the honest, but wholesome hand of severity. Few were more thoroughly attached to their country, but he loved her too well not to notice and condemn her faults. Like a skilful surgeon, he probed the wounds deeply—and thus indulged the hope of producing a rapid and permanent recovery.

Slavery is the first topic on which the poet expatiates—with a beautiful exclamation on this melancholy subject, does the book open, and thus the paragraph closes in his own peculiar style:—

I would not have a SLAVE to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me, while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?
And *they* themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.
Slaves cannot breathe in England, if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble! and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing; spread it then,

And let it circulate thro' ev'ry vein
Of all your empire, that where Britain's pow'r
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too!

A few pages afterwards the poet breaks out in these patriotic strains:—

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country! and while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Tho' thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flow'r, for warmer France,
With all her vines, nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bow'rs!

Mr. C. then alludes to the church, and though a churchman himself, satirises with a noble freedom what appears deserving of reprobation. For able and faithful ministers he expresses his highest esteem, but *mere hirelings* rouse his indignation. Indeed our poet uniformly seems to have written under the influence of virtue and piety. Take the following specimen:—

I venerate the MAN whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine, and whose life
Coincident—exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To *such*—I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
But loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous—in dress
Extreme—at once rapacious and profuse,
Frequent in park, with lady at his side
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships—a stranger to the poor,
Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
And well prepar'd by ignorance and sloth,

By infidelity and love of world,
To make God's work a sinecure—a slave
To his own pleasures, and his patron's pride.
From *such* apostles, oh! ye mitred heads,
Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands
On sculls that *cannot* TEACH, and *will not* LEARN!

The poet then proceeds to delineate what the *universities* formerly were, and what they are in the present day. He thus energetically pourtrays the traits of discipline by which *scholars* were produced, and men who were real ornaments to their country. How simple is the delineation—how replete with improvement:

In colleges and halls, in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage, called *Discipline.* His head,
Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpair'd.
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Play'd on his lips, and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart,
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
The head of modest and ingenuous worth,
That blush'd at his own praise, and press the youth
Close to his side that pleas'd him. Learning grew
Beneath his care, a thriving vigorous plant,
The mind was well inform'd, the passions held
Subordinate, and *diligence* was his *choice!*

However, according to the poet's account, *poor Discipline* has a long time ago fallen sick and died. The consequences may be easily predicted. Indeed, some of our best writers have traced the evils by which we are deluged, to the want of a RIGHT EDUCATION, which is, on all hands, acknowledged to form the broadest basis upon which we are to raise the edifice, both of our private and public felicity.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE
TERRITORY OF MOROCCO,
ITS PEOPLE, THEIR MANNERS, RELIGION, &c.

[From Damberger's Travels into the Interior of Africa; See our Literary Review, last Number, Page 84.]

THE country of Morocco is one of the most charming and fertile on the face of the earth, though not so well cultivated as it would be by a different race of inhabitants.—The tyranny of the emperor over his wretched subjects, depresses their spirits and plunges them in sloth. If any of them be industrious in benefitting by the fertility of the soil, they are obliged to pay enormous tributes; and, if the harvest turn out ever so good, the husbandman can scarcely retain so much of the produce as is sufficient for the support of his existence; as either the emperor himself, or the rapacious and thievish governors, his substitutes, take all to themselves, using violence when they cannot attain their ends by artifice and fraud.

The emperor now reigning, is said to be far less cruel than his predecessor; and yet seldom a day passes that he does not cause several wretches to be executed, or put them to death with his own hand. The people bear the severities of this barbarian monster with the greatest patience, esteeming themselves happy to hear that they are to be killed by his own hand; looking upon him as the descendant of their great prophet, and therefore regarding what he does as the dispensation of heaven. No people are to be found in all Africa, even in its most savage and unfrequented regions, more simple and stupid than the inhabitants of this country.—Every male above fifteen years of age being a soldier, the emperor can always, in a week's time, bring together an army of two hun-

dred thousand men: though he cannot effect much with all this force; because, excepting the Moors, they are, for the most part, an undisciplined rabble.—The imperial life-guards consist of six hundred Moors of cavalry, enjoying an unbounded licence, and consequently practising every species of rapine and extortion.—The governors in the capitals, and the sub-governors in the other towns, exercise the sovereign authority within their districts, ruling with the most absolute authority; the emperor, let them be ever so intemperate and cruel towards his subjects, giving himself but little concern about them.—If a subject conceal any part of his effects, or of the fruits of his ground, and enquiry be made after it in the name of the emperor, or of a governor, if he deny that he knows any thing of it, on its being detected, he forfeits both his life and the whole of his property; nay, he must even esteem it a signal act of favour, if his sentence be mitigated to that of being bound up in iron for life, and his family banished the country.—The priests, who are extremely numerous, are the proper instruments in the performance of these acts of iniquity, of horror and murder; usually running about with the Koran, as if they were diligently reading it, encouraging the people to prayer, and to observe the precepts of the Koran, going thrice a day to the mosques, bawling there to God, as if they wanted to wake him from a profound sleep; imploring the prophet that he will grant a long reign to the emperor his son, and the like; while their aim is, certainly, not the advancement of wisdom and virtue, but the promotion of their own importance and respect, and of an unlimited dominion over the minds of men. Only then they pray with fervent zeal when they invoke God and the prophet to exterminate infidels, and destroy heretics. They are employed daily,

indeed, for some hours, in giving lessons to youth; but what they teach only tends to suppress in their tender minds the voice of reason, and to inspire them, in its stead, with a servile fear of the prophet, and an implicit reverence for them as his servants.

Polygamy is in general practice here; the Moors, in particular, taking not unfrequently four, five, or six wives, and often getting rid of them with equal facility. No inquisition is taken when the wife of a Moor happens suddenly to die; nay, if any one offer to bring testimony that she is murdered, he is immediately sent away with reproof for his forwardness.—If a Moor attach himself to the daughter of a mechanic, she must be given up to him, if the whole family would avoid the hazard of having their houses plundered, or some individual of it secretly made away with.

The women are kept in a very sequestered state, living in rooms apart from the rest.—Among the primary class of inhabitants, comprehending merchants, priests, officers, and the like, liberal and honest men are occasionally found; the greater part, however, are people of base and sordid minds; but the priests and officers are of a peculiar wicked stamp. The merchant is obliged to give the tenth of the articles of his trade, in kind, as a tribute to the emperor or his viceroys; but, besides this, he must likewise, every week, pay capitation-tax, war-tax, security-money*, &c.—Over and above these ordinary taxes, voluntary contributions, or free gifts, are demanded in behalf of the emperor; at the same time, every one must furnish a stated sum for the maintenance of

* This money is paid to the governor, for which he keeps a guard of soldiers, who at night are watchmen at the warehouses of the merchants.

the priests. The Jews are not allowed to traffic, or to possess any property, but are obliged to perform the meanest offices, and submit to the harshest treatment, like the common slaves.

MODERN METHOD OF PUFFING.

[Extracted from a daily Newspaper.]

THE SOCIABLE.—One of these pleasant vehicles was crouded lately, in its way to town, with a jolly fat company, to the utter exclusion of elbow-room. The favourite topic of conversation was the near commencement of the grand half million lottery. A Kentish farmer candidly acknowledged, that, from gaining early in life an eighth share only of a ten thousand pound prize, he had realized a fortune of above 30,000l. and which had enabled him to purchase the whole of an estate, of which he had originally rented but a few acres. Another of the company, a London merchant, as freely confessed that he had handsomely portioned off his two daughters, by having presented them with a ticket in a late lottery, that proved a prize of consequence. His right-hand neighbour, a buxom fat widow, exclaimed also in praise of a lottery ticket, which had enabled her late husband to comfort her, in her weeds, with a handsome provision. "Then, Madam," cried a gentleman directly facing her, "let me join my fate to your's, for I am a widower, and have very recently been a favourite of fortune's wheel."—The voice now of a charming girl, at the upper end of the Sociable, avowed that her business then to town was to accept 5000l. consols. which was bought for her from the produce of a share in a recent lottery.—"Bless me," cried a Bristol merchant from the lower end of the vehicle, "and my business to

town is to negociate the 20,000l. prize, which I bought at Pope's office only two months ago."—All the remaining company were by this time perfectly electrified by these lottery occurrences, and being now near town, agreed to give the coachman a douceur to drive immediately to Pope's Office, No. 12, corner of the Royal Exchange, facing the Bank of England.

ACCOUNT OF
VALENCIENNES, FRENCH VILLAGES, AND CHANTILLY.

[From Jones's Translation of Bygg's Travels in the French Republic.]

VALENCIENNES is the first stage in Old France. I came in on that side which was attacked by the Austrians. In the part near the rampart, whole streets and lanes have been demolished, some have been levelled to the ground, and others burnt. They have not made the least attempt, since the siege, to build or repair them. Copenhagen has been more fortunate in this respect. The third part of that city was consumed by fire, and in less than three years the whole was rebuilt on an extensive and improved plan, far superior to the former. Fire-engines are found to be of great use in Denmark, even in villages. I am not certain that fire-engines are used in France, or in what manner they are regulated and kept up, since the revolution.

The French villages will lose by comparison, in the eye of the traveller, who has just passed through the neat and handsome ones of the Netherlands. The first moment you set your foot in the environs of Valenciennes, you are encircled with a host of beggars, so importunate, that they rather demand than solicit charity. It seems that, shortly

after the revolution, a number of the youth, of both sexes, engaged in the manufactures, were thrown out of employment, and reduced to the necessity of living on the casual bounty of travellers.

In order to show my pass, it was necessary that I should go to the municipality, and thence to the police-officer *(bureau de police)*. As these two did not sit at the same time of the day, I went to the house of one of the municipal officers, a shoemaker, whom I found at work in his shop. He did not detain me a moment, when I showed him the pass I had from the French minister in Copenhagen. On showing him the royal Danish pass, he shook his head; as much as to say, That is of no use. His dress was not very fine, and yet he was the chief of the municipality. In all the other towns, in which there were barriers or turnpikes, I was only desired to show my pass, which the officer never took out of my hands; but this was not the case in fortified or garrisoned places, where they examine them very attentively. Formerly they expected a small *douceur* on these occasions, which was strictly forbidden by the last French proclamation; *rien de votre générosité.* I am told they were very well satisfied with ten or twelve sous.

It is not very far from Valenciennes to Frejus, where the French gained a very remarkable victory. Here I saw a small monument, erected to the memory of General Dampierre. Douay lies farther off; a severe battle was fought there in the reign of Louis XIV.; and the French, in order to perpetuate that day, raised a monument on the road side, which consisted of a square pyramid, about thirty feet high, inserted in a square pedestal, ornamented with pyramids of marble, in *bas relief*, with inscriptions on each side. The pyramid is now stripped of all these ornaments, which were broken down or carried away. Some say that

this was done by the Imperialists, who could not bear that the defeat of their ancestors should be thus held out to the view of every passenger. But others impute the dilapidation to Jacobins and terrorists, who did wish that even the splendid exploits of their forefathers, under a monarch, should not be transmitted to posterity.

The French villages are inferior, in almost every respect, to those of Belgium. Most of the houses are built of common clay, and the little furniture betrays evident marks of poverty. Some of them, however, exhibit appearances of prosperity and ease. Besides common corn, clover, horse-beans, and walnuts are produced in abundance, from the kernels of which last they express oil.

I saw a great number of boys and girls in the fields, gathering in the harvest; which led me to conclude, that those who ought to have been employed in that task, were called to the field of battle. I observed that three-wheeled cars, or carts, were used instead of four-wheeled ones, which in general are very large, and sometimes require from two to four, and even six, to draw them; whilst one or two horses will pull a greater load in the former. But I must declare, that in no country with which I am acquainted, are the poor working horses treated with greater cruelty than in France. There can be no doubt, that, where the ground is even, and the roads good, these three-wheeled waggons, or carts, ought to be preferred to those with four wheels.

The roads in this part of France are paved, like those of Belgium. Some of them, however, are better than the highways in that country: though there are many hollows and rough parts in several places, and although the tolls are very high, all idea of repairing them seems to have been abandoned since the revolution.

Bouchain is a very strong fortification; for, by means of the well-placed and finely constructed sluices, the greatest part of the adjoining country can be inundated at pleasure: so that it would be very difficult to besiege or take this fortress, if well supplied with provisions. As to the town itself, its mean buildings have fallen into ruins: the inhabitants seem to share the same fate, for you meet with poverty in every quarter of it. Along the whole tract from Valenciennes to Paris there is a stratum of chalk-stone, which is used in decorating the cast frames of the windows, doors, and gates; and, as you approach the capital, you meet with some houses built entirely with this stone instead of bricks.

Cambray is well fortified, and is furnished with a citadel. The city is well built, neat, and clean. Throughout the whole, you see the remains of wealth and prosperity, for which, no doubt, it is indebted to its famous manufactories of cambric. From Cambray the road runs through Bouavia, Fins, Peronne (which is fortified), Marche le Pot, Fonches, Roye, Conchy les Pots, Carilly, Gournay, Bois le Liheu, and Pont St. Maxenze.

The French posts are under very proper regulations. The horses belong to the post-masters themselves, some of whom have near 120, a number of which are always in the stable; so that you are not detained a moment. The post-boy rides on one of the horses, and goes at a smart trot over heights and hollows, rough places and smooth; and it is in vain either to entreat him to quicken or slacken his pace. This road is a great thoroughfare for carriages of every kind, and at every post-house there is a blacksmith's shop. As soon as you stop, the sons of Vulcan come out, and inquire if their assistance is wanted. The iron axle of my carriage happening to be broken by a

stone on my way to Pont Maxenze—they were glad to hear of it, took it out, welded it together, and in about two hours I was enabled to resume my journey. They asked a louis-d'or, which was not unreasonable; and it was so well done, that it has not failed since.

From Pont Maxenze I preferred the road round Chantilly. Here I travelled through a fine grove of oak and beech, with much underwood of forward growth. This narrow way is bordered with lofty trees, whose spreading branches form the most agreeable and grateful shade, especially from the noontide sun.

Chantilly belonged to the Prince of Condé, and is well known for the beauty of its architecture, and the enchanting walks and plantations, parks and pleasure-grounds around it. The Jacobins have nearly demolished the fine park walls, and cut down the trees which shaded the walls. All the internal decorations of the castle, the paintings, looking-glasses, tapestry, the valuable cabinet of natural history, library and all, were plundered; so that the empty shell is all that remain of its former splendour. The mob cut and carried off the heads and arms of the statues, which the Prince had been so many years in collecting. In many of the rooms are yet to be seen part of the small cells, in which those who were doomed to the guillotine were immured, during the bloody reign of the terrorists.

The roads begin to improve, as you approach Paris. The successive prospects on every side seem to vie with each other in richness and variety: they surpass whatever imagination can conceive. The mildness of the climate, groups of vineyards, highly cultivated orchards and kitchen-gardens, all contribute to render the scene delightful; and peaches, apples, pears, plums, cherries, and walnut-trees,

flourish in the open fields in the greatest abundance.

From Chantilly I travelled through Lusarche, Echouen, and St Denis, and arrived in Paris in the afternoon of the 19th of August.

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,

[*From the same.*]

WAS formerly called Jardin du Roi; but received its present name by a decree of the National Convention of the 10th of June, 1793. One end of it extends to the Seine: it consists of a botanic garden, library for natural history, a menagerie, or collection of foreign animals, and an amphitheatre, or lecture-room.

The botanic garden which belongs to it is three hundred and twenty toises, or fathoms, long, and ten in breadth. It is partitioned lengthways, that is, from its entrance down towards the Seine, by three very fine alleys; and intersected across by various others, which terminate in the public promenades, or walks. The different square divisions thus formed, are used for plantations, and are at present enclosed with rail-work. The green-house and orangerie were formerly in pretty good order, and separated into rooms and spaces: but a new green-house and orangerie are now additionally erected, and they are very conveniently disposed. Here is a great abundance of foreign plants and trees, and from hence all the botanic gardens of the central schools are supplied with seeds and with trees as soon as they can be transplanted. From the same highly cultivated spot, the cultivators of land can procure economic and nursery trees, and

even the indigent poor can obtain plants when they can be spared.

Captain Baudouin, in his travels into different parts of the world, had collected a great variety of natural curiosities; and presented the whole to the nation, on condition that he should be furnished with a ship to convey them to France. The English government consented that this ship should perform her voyage without molestation. Meanwhile the English had taken possession of the island of Trinidad, where this extensive and famous collection had been left. When Captain Baudouin arrived at Trinidad, in order to bring away his collection, the English would not give it up, on pretence that their government had consented to the safety of the expedition by sea, and not by land. However, this and the former expeditions were not altogether fruitless; for Baudouin has brought into the botanic garden about one thousand different kinds of live plants, besides assortments of seeds, and a considerable herbarium.

The gallery for natural history is a building situated on the right hand, as you enter the botanic garden from the street. On the second floor of this building are four large apartments, where fishes, birds, shells, insects, minerals, earths, and stones, are deposited on shelves, furnished with glass fronts. The inner part is allotted to vegetables, and contains specimens of trees, together with the herbarium of Tournefort.

Vaillant presented to the Museum a part of his birds. But several persons, who had certain knowledge of the fact, assured me, that Vaillant reserved for himself the most singular and curious.

The gallery is open to the public the first, fourth, and seventh days of every decade, when it is crowded by all sorts of people, who come there not for instruction, but merely to view the place, by

way of amusement. A certain number of veterans and invalids are then stationed in different places about the rooms, in order to see that the drawers are not broke open, or the curiosities in any manner injured or destroyed. Before this regulation took place, a diamond was stolen from thence, in the time of the revolution. Every second, third, fifth, sixth, eighth, and ninth days of the decade, this gallery is open for such only as are desirous of studying natural history.

The excellent Lacepede, who is not less kind and obliging, than eminent for erudition, gave me a letter to Lucas, keeper of the gallery, who, with great civility, shewed me every thing that was curious and remarkable in this museum, and particularly the collection of quadrupeds, which is never exhibited to the public. Here I had a second view of some singular objects, which I had seen at the Hague one and twenty years before, in the Stadtholder's collection, such as the sea-horse, zebra, elephant, orang-outang, and a variety of monkeys. There are likewise to be seen in this museum, a lion, a tiger, a leopard, an uncommon large dog from the Pyrenees, and a fine skeleton of a cameleopard, whose height from his fore-feet to the top of his crown is sixteen feet.

All these and many other quadrupeds, and some large birds, are exhibited to view in an apartment on the third floor, or rather in a part of the garret formed into an apartment. The remaining part of the floor has the appearance of a large hall; above are sky-lights, and on each side are dens for wild beasts.

Just below the entrance from the city into the botanical garden, and on the left hand, there is to be seen a plantation of trees and shrubs, which rise up to a considerable height, and have a beautiful appearance. In this fine grove formerly stood,

under a noble cedar of Lebanon, a marble bust of Linnæus, the Swedish naturalist, and the inventor and founder of the modern system of natural history. This bust was destroyed at the time when the *peuple souverain* amused themselves with spreading ruin and devastation. The cedar of Lebanon, either by a cannon-ball, or some other violence, then lost its majestic top. Those Vandals destroyed every memorial and monument, without any discrimination whatever. They even demolished the tombs, and dug up the bodies of the most meritorious of their countrymen; not exempting that of the great Turenne himself, who had been, more than once, the deliverer of France. His sacred remains, in which was still visible the wound of the cannon-ball by which he fell in the service of his country, were treated by those barbarians in the most inhuman and contemptible manner. The mortal part of that great general lay in the museum, shamefully exposed among the skeletons of quadrupeds and birds; till it was removed by the order of Francis Neufchateau, and placed in an apartment of the amphitheatre, where it is set upright in a glass case.

Before I take my leave of the Museum for Natural History, I must observe, that it contains a great number of chests still unpacked, which are full of curious objects brought hither from conquered countries. I have been told by men who had every opportunity of being well informed, that those chests enclose a collection as interesting and extensive as that already deposited in the museum, in which there is no room for more objects without additional buildings.

Epitome of Natural History.

No. II.

THE LION.

THIS animal is of the cat species, and has a large head; short, rounded, ears; and a face covered with short hair: the upper part of his head, his chin, and his whole neck and shoulders are covered with long shaggy hair like a mane: the hair on his body and limbs is short and smooth, but long on the bottom of his belly: his limbs are of vast strength: his tail is long, with a tuft of long black hairs at the end: his colour is tawny; but his belly inclines to white: the length of the largest lion from the nose to the tail, is above eight feet; of the tail, four. The lioness or female is less in size, and wants the mane.

The lion is met with, but rarely, in the hot parts of Asia; such as India, and Persia; and a few are still met with in the deserts between Bagdat and

Bassorah, on the banks of the Euphrates: they have also been reckoned among the animals of Arabia; but their proper country is Africa, where their size is the largest, their numbers the greatest, and their rage more tremendous, being inflamed by the influence of a burning sun, on a most arid soil: in the interior parts, amid the scorched and desolate deserts of Zaara, or Biledulgerid, they reign sole masters — lord it over every beast, and their courage never meets with a check; the nearer they approach the habitations of the human race, the less is their rage; or rather, the greater is their timidity: they have often experienced the unequal combat; and finding that there exists a being superior to them, they commit their ravages with more caution. A cooler climate, again, has the same effect: but in the burning deserts, where rivers and fountains are denied, they live in a perpetual fever; a sort of madness, which proves fatal to every animal they meet with.

There is mentioned a wonderful proof of the instinct of these animals in those arid tracts of desart sand: there the pelican makes her nest, and in order to cool her young ones, and accustom them to an element they must afterwards be conversant in, she brings from afar, in her great gular pouch, sufficient water to fill the nest: the lion and other wild beasts approach and quench their thirst, yet never injure the unfledged birds, as if conscious that their destruction would immediately put a stop to those grateful supplies.

The courage of the lion is tempered with mercy: he has been known to spare the weaker animals as beneath his attention. There are upon record, many instances of his gratitude, the relations of which are so strange and wonderful, that the reader may be directed by the note below*, to find

* Aulus Gell. Ælian. Pliny.

the stories, and to consult the authorities himself.

Lions are capable of being tamed. In Bell's Travels we are told, that the monarch of Persia, full of savage state, had, on days of audience, two great ones chained on each side of the passage to the room of state, led there by keepers, in chains of gold. Why, then, may we not credit the story of their being harnessed for the triumphal car of the conqueror Bacchus?

The lion preys on all kinds of animals: as his scent is bad, he cannot hunt by the nose; but his peculiar and tremendous roar strikes terror into every beast of the desert, and sets them in motion, in open view: he then selects his object, and takes it, not so much by pursuit, as by a vast bound, striking it with his talons, and tearing it to pieces. In inhabited countries, he sometimes invades the folds, and leaps over the fences with his prey; and such is his strength, that he can carry off a middling ox with the greatest ease. In many places he takes his prey by surprise, lurking in the thickets and springing on it. Sometimes some of the human species fall victims to his hunger; but then it is rather through necessity than choice. The Arabs have a notion of his sparing the fair sex; but Dr. Shaw informs us, that they make no distinction in these days: the same writer acquaints us, that the flesh of the lion is often eaten in Barbary; and that in taste it resembles veal. Mr. Bruce informs us, that he has himself several times eaten of it. The lion's skin, which was formerly the robe of heroes, now serves the negroes for a mantle or bed.

This species is not numerous; it even appears to diminish, and the human species to increase, in the course of revolving ages. The Romans drew more lions from Lybia for their public spectacles than could now be found in that country.

Some creatures of this species were formerly found in Europe, between the rivers Achelous and Nessus. In the days of Aristotle, there were lions in Thrace, Macedonia, and Thessaly; but there are none now in Europe, and there never were any in America.

Though this noble animal inhabits the warmest climates only, yet he can subsist for a great length of time in temperate countries, and perhaps, with some attention, might even be enabled to propagate. The period of their gestation is not as yet ascertained: but some suppose it six months; that they bring forth but once a year; and that the young ones, of which there are four or five at a litter, are very small, not larger than a weasel. In these animals, all the passions, even those of the softest kind, are excessive. The maternal affection of the lioness is extreme. Though naturally weaker and less courageous than the lion, whenever she has young, she becomes dreadfully ferocious. The lion, it is alleged, has neither the senses of smelling, nor of seeing, so acute as the other beasts of prey. The light of the sun seems to incommode him: he seldom goes abroad in the middle of the day, but makes all his excursions during the night: when he sees fires burning around the flocks and caravans, he never approaches them. Antelopes and monkies are his common food, though he takes the latter when upon the ground only; for he never climbs trees like the tiger or the puma: he devours as much at a time as will serve him two or three days. Unlike the wolf and the hyæna, he kills no more than he can consume. He requires about fifteen pounds of raw flesh per day: he drinks often, lapping like a dog; but his tonge, in lapping, is bended downward: his breath is very rank, and the odour of his urine unsupportable.

The roaring of the lion is so loud, that when uttered during the night in the deserts, it resembles, by the repetition of echoes, the noise of thunder: this roaring is the ordinary voice of the lion; for, when enraged, he utters a short and suddenly repeated cry; but the roaring is a prolonged cry; a kind of a deep toned grumbling, mixed with a sharp vibrating noise: he roars five or six times in the day, and oftener before rain: when enraged, his cry is still more terrible than his roaring: he then beats his sides and the earth with his tail, agitates his mane, moves the skin of his face, and his large eyebrows, shews his dreadful tusks, and thrusts out his tongue, which is armed with prickles so hard, that it alone is sufficient to tear the skin and the flesh, without the assistance of either teeth or claws: his strength lies most in his head, jaws, and fore-legs: he sees in the night like cats: his sleep is short, and he is easily awaked: his course is oblique, and consists not in equal movements, but is performed by leaps and bounds: when he leaps upon his prey, he makes a spring of twelve or fifteen feet; falls above the victim; seizes it with his fore-feet; tears it in pieces with his claws, and then devours it with his teeth.

MASQUERADE AT THE PANTHEON.

ON Monday, February 2d, was the most brilliant, and would have been the most animated of any we have had in this country for many years, if there had been better and more music; but there being but one band, they could not of course play all the evening, and at times all music ceased for twenty minutes. Three *Savoyards* played now and then, but in a company of four or five

thousand people they could scarcely be heard. Among them was a *Jemmy Jumps*, and an *author*. Several leaden-heeled *harlequins*, *pierrots*, and *sailors*, were among the worst. There were two very good *gypsey women*, and children at their backs; a *jockey*, and some witty *chimney-sweepers*. Two very elegant and handsome women, in Spanish dresses, with most superb and beautiful plumes of feathers, gained the attention and admiration of all the beaux. A pretty *charity girl*; a charming *Columbine*, who danced delightfully; a Miss *Prisey Tomboy*, who *romped* very much, and an excellent *cobler*. A vast number of dominoes, nor were there more than five or six men in women's cloaths admitted. There was a very excellent supper, with plenty of wine, and of the best quality. The rooms did not begin to thin till six o'clock in the morning, and were not quite cleared till nine.

The several shops fitted up for the accommodation of the company, and in honour of the Union, were well attended, and none of the customers seemed displeased with the bargains of the evening. In addition to the above characters we witnessed a most excellent *Sylvester Daggerwood*. Mr. Brewer, in the character of *Peter Fog*, recited some verses on the Union, which were much applauded, and of which the following is an extract:—

Ecce Signum a poet, the Union his theme is,
And to make you all smile, his wish and his theme is:
Then attend, if you please, while with care he rehearses,
Not the bellman's, but something that's like bellman's verses.
Of Hibernia I sing, rich urbanity's seat,
Whose friendship and love 'tis an honour to greet;
For the Irish are noble, they're gen'rous, sincere—
I'm very much pleas'd that we've some of them here.

It proves, though our foes from their envy should hate us,
Our friends will rise up, *like a crop of potatoes*:
Who knows but they'll find us a Major *O'Flarty*,
To give a big whack to the Great *Bonaparte*.

The following Observations on those Games that are considered Detrimental to Health, are particularly recommended to the attention of our Young Readers;—they are

EXTRACTED FROM

DR. WILLICH'S TRANSLATION OF STRUVE

ON THE

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

ALTHOUGH I do not intend, says the author, to furnish a complete list of the various amusements which have been introduced among children, yet I conceive it will not be difficult, from the nature of those I shall mention, to understand the tendency of others, with which I may be unacquainted. Thus, if I succeed in exciting a sufficient degree of interest on this topic, the reflecting parent will, I presume, be enabled to draw useful inferences from my general observations.

Almost every game may tend to injure health, by the manner in which it is played. The limits allotted to this work, however, do not admit of entering into minute explanations. He who possesses but a slight knowledge of the human frame, cannot fail to discriminate between safety and danger, as every thing depends upon the relative strength and exercise of the young individual. By gradual practice, for instance, one boy may attain to a degree of dexterity in fencing and leaping; which exercises cannot be attempted by another without exposing himself to certain destruction. But there are various postures which are always

attended with danger; inasmuch as they may occasion dislocations, or ruptures. Hence parents ought, in this respect, to be attentive to the following gymnastic amusements of their children.

1. When young people are standing, and bend their head backwards to the ground, with a view to tumble over.—On this occasion they endeavour to preserve the equilibrium, by a sudden turn, and often experience dangerous falls. Thus the muscles of the abdomen are preternaturally stretched; the intestines are violently pressed downwards; and ruptures frequently produced. When children attempt to climb, they might undertake this species of muscular exercise with more safety and success without shoes, especially if these do not exactly fit the feet; as they soon learn to employ the latter with great firmness and flexibility. Hence boys in the country are incomparably more expert in this pursuit than the youth of towns, who more easily injure themselves by falling.

2. Wantonly jumping for a considerable height, whether up or down, is attended with a violent concussion and extension of the muscles. The performers should therefore be instructed to make such efforts with inflected knees; to let themselves down first on the points of the toes, and then gradually descend on the soles of the feet.

3. Nor should too forcible exertions of muscular power be suffered at this tender age; for the lifting of great weights, particularly the raising of a ponderous substance from the ground, and bending back the upper part of the body, are extremely dangerous attempts; because, while in such attitudes, the muscles of the lower belly are contracted, and the bowels compressed between the midriff; respiration is obviously impeded; and thus ruptures are easily occasioned. We often observe young and feeble children lifting and carrying

others of a much larger size, which, for the reasons above stated, ought never to be permitted.

4. All partial exercise of the body, by which only one arm or leg is exerted, has a tendency to give the body a crooked form. Hence, playing at nine-pins, drawing hand-carts, carrying burdens on one arm, or shoulder, all are pernicious. The principal injury, however, arises from continuing such employment for several hours together; because, if it be practised with moderation, and but occasionally resorted to, its tendency is beneficial rather than hurtful. Young people, therefore, ought to be taught to make use of both arms, for we generally neglect the improvement of the left hand; and it would be very desirable to contrive games in which both arms may be alternately exercised.

5. Sedentary plays, if long persevered in, are productive of bad consequences, because they are apt to bend the spine, and distort the body. The spinal column being too weak to support the incumbent part of the frame, the vertebræ yields to one side, in consequence of long-continued sedentary employments; for which reason all games of this nature ought to be strictly prohibited.

6. Long standing is likewise detrimental to the straight growth of children: and as their legs are too feeble, by preponderating to one side, the same injurious effect is produced.

The games of children ought to be adapted in conformity to these observations. Bodily exercise is to them indispensably necessary, provided it be regulated according to the rules and cautions before detailed: in such case, it will neither endanger their health nor their lives; and we need be under no apprehension from their efforts to climb or leap. Those, indeed, who tremble at every declivity, and will scarcely venture to move from

the spot, are in greater danger of receiving injury, than the spirited and courageous boy, who generally is the most successful. Mothers are on the whole too anxious on these occasions, because their tender sex is not accustomed to bodily exercise: hence, by checking their little ones in every effort of leaping, they contribute to render them timid, without considering that by such injudicious means they are ill prepared for encountering future dangers. For instance, in accidents from fire, they will be unable to save either their own lives or those of others; and if they in the least venture upon a sudden emergency, they hazard more than they are qualified to overcome.

(To be continued in our next.)

Beauties of the Drama.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

[From Kotzebue's Natural Son, Act I. Sc. 8.]

FREDERICK AND WILHELMINA.

Fred. So—I must have something to drink—a warm day—stay—how stands my cash?—*(counting money.)*—Here's enough for a breakfast and dinner, and please heaven, I shall be at home by evening! Well then, I must quench my thirst—here landlord! *(Sees Wil.)* Ha! Who is here? A poor weak woman, drooping and sick! Eh—she does not ask for relief, but her situation demands it!—Shall we withhold assistance till we are asked for it? No—no—I will go without my drink, then there will be sufficient for dinner;—it shall be so—benevolence can satisfy both hunger and thirst! Here good woman! *(Approaching her with money.)*

Wil. Frederick?

Fred. Ha!—My mother!—On heaven! In this unhappy situation! What is the matter? Oh, tell me dear mother!—

Wil. Frederick, I cannot speak!—This unexpected meeting——

Fred. Be composed, dear mother! You are trembling! Alas! you faint——

Wil. Weakness! My head turns round! I had nothing to eat all yesterday!

Fred. Merciful heaven! *(Opens his knapsack hastily,)* Here is all my wealth! Here is my cloak, coat, arms too! I will sell them all! Oh, my dear mother!——Hallo, landlord! *(Knocks at a public house.)* A bottle of wine! . . . . . Speedily, or I will break every window in your house!——Nothing to eat all yesterday! And I had plenty! I had a good supper at the inn, while my poor mother was starving! Oh, heaven! Is this the happiness I flattered myself on my return?

Wil. Dear Frederick be pacified; I have thee again in my arms! I am now recovered! Ah! I have been very ill! I thought I should never see thee more!

Fred. Been very ill! and Frederick not with thee! mother, mother, I will never leave thee again! See how strong and healthy I am! Oh, then I can work for thy support!

LOVE.

(Count Benyowski, Act III. Sc. 7.)

BENYOWSKI, GOVERNOR, ATHANASIA.

Atha. Dear father——

Gov. Well, Athanasia?

Atha. Oh!—I have found you at last!

Gov. What does my child want!

Atha. Your consent!——

Gov. Consent! to what?

Atha. To Athanasia's happiness!

Gov. And is not her happiness my only wish!—Speak!

Atha. I am—dear father—in love!

Gov. How?

Beny. (*Confused.*) I—I—I must take my leave.

Atha. Stay, Benyowski—I do not blush to avow my love—

Gov. Amazement! this is so sudden—

* * * * * * *

Atha. (*Seizing Benyowski's hand, and turning to her father.*)—Dear father—your blessing—

Gov. What, child—is the Count your favourite?

Atha. Whom else could I be partial to?

* * * *

Gov. But have you consider'd—

Atha. Yes, all—I have consider'd his greatness—his goodness—I have consider'd my dear mother's last moments.—Need I repeat her dying words? Here, in this room—on this very spot—she breathed her last.—At her head you sat—at her feet I kneeled—you wept, and so did I—she, poor departing soul, utter'd a groan—struggling with death, once more she rais'd herself, and pressing your hand, in faultering accents said—Let Athanasia marry the man she loves! Here stands the man I love—this man, dear father, let me marry!

Gov. Child, you astonish me!

Atha. Here, on this very spot, where my poor mother breathed her last, we implore your blessing!—dear Benyowski, you do not speak!

Beny. What can I say?—I am lost—I am bewildered!—Must not your kind father suppose I have secretly advised this rash proceeding?

Atha. No; father, believe me, the Count never encouraged me to ask your consent—never—on the contrary, he has tormented my love-sick heart with cool reason; he has been insensibly prudent, unfeelingly just!—

MUSICAL ATTAINMENTS OF THE LATE EARL OF SANDWICH.

[From the New Annual Register, for 1799.]

THE Earl of Sandwich was one of the few noblemen who spend a considerable portion of their time at their country-seats; where he usually resided whenever he could gain a vacation from the duties of office, and attendance on parliament. His house was at all times open for the reception of his friends and neighbours, and distinguished for the generous, truly hospitable, and liberal entertainment which it afforded; the noble host himself always making the most pleasing part of it, inspiring, by the easy politeness of his address, his affability and engaging manners, and the charms of his conversation, universal chearfulness and good-humour amongst his guests, equally endearing himself to all ranks and conditions. The mind of Lord Sandwich was uncommonly active, and never rested from exertion. In the intervals therefore of his political engagements, he was ever planning rational and elegant amusements at Hinchingbrook, which were the delight and admiration of the numerous company who resorted thither, from all parts, to partake of them.

Theatrical exhibitions at times made a part, performed by his relatives, friends, and neighbours, in a very superior style, with great taste and splendour. They were attended by crowded audi-

ences; and many of those, who composed them, were admitted to a gratification, which they valued more highly, at his lordship's social board. What very much recommended these entertainments, and rendered them peculiarly grateful to all visitants, were the perfect regularity and decorum very scrupulously preserved throughout.

Among other qualifications, for which the Earl of Sandwich was eminently distinguished, his love for music deserves to be particularly mentioned. It may with truth be asserted, that though he set up no pretensions to reputation, either as a theorist, or as a performer, yet very few persons have ever existed to whom the cause of sound and sublime harmony has been so much indebted. Without being a bigot to any particular style of music, and capable of receiving pleasure from all, yet his natural discernment enabled him instantly to distinguish real excellence from mere ostentation and trick; and his good sense never suffered him to encourage a sacrifice of the head to the hand.

It was his custom, when he was in the country, to devote one evening in the week to music; which was chiefly of the vocal kind, occasionally improved by the aid of a few instruments, the best that could be collected in the neighbourhood. Twice in the year, (at Christmas, and at the Cambridge commencement,) he used to avail himself of the assistance of a few academical friends; by which means he was enabled to furnish out a tolerable concerto. On these occasions he sometimes introduced a selection from the music in Macbeth and the Tempest with good effect. From such a small beginning did his active genius, by methods peculiarly his own, in the short space of about a year and a half, contrive to assemble, principally from the towns and villages in the neighbourhood, an

orchestra of between sixty and seventy performers, disciplined with the most rigid exactness, and equal to the execution of the most difficult of Handel's oratorios. The entertainment now began to assume a more magnificent appearance. The performances, which were rendered complete by the addition of a few principal hands from London, were extended throughout the week. Their reputation began to excite general curiosity. Most of the principal families in the neighbourhood resorted with eagerness to so splendid a celebrity; and Hinchingbrook became a scene of hospitality worthy of our best times. I do not believe there ever was an instance, either before or since, of six oratorios being performed for six successive nights by the same band *. In other places the performers stand in need of a little intermission and rest; but here nothing of this kind was ever hinted at in the slightest degree. Indeed the bodily fatigue suffered by the greater part of the band, used to be a subject of mirth among themselves; and the accounts of it would hardly be believed, if many persons still living could not bear testimony to their truth. Every oratorio, which was performed in the evening, was rehearsed throughout in the morning. After dinner catches and glees went round with a

* About this time Randale, of Catharine-street, in the Strand, was engaged in publishing several of the oratorios in score; and whenever any made its appearance that was not much known, it was of course put into a state of preparation for the next meeting. By which means one or two of the sublimest of Handel's works were brought into notice, which had been in danger of falling into oblivion for want of being heard; and one of them in particular became the favourite performance of the week, in preference even to the Messiah.

spirit and effect never felt before, till every body was summoned by a signal to the opening of the performance. This always lasted till supper was on the table: after which catches and glees were renewed with the same hilarity as in the earlier part of the day; and the principal singers generally retired to rest after a laborious exertion for about twelve hours. His lordship constantly animated the whole by his own personal assistance, keeping every body in the best order, and in the best humour; submitting himself at the same time to the discipline of the orchestra, with the most scrupulous obedience.

These meetings were continued for several years with unrivalled splendour and festivity. But the situation of public affairs at length calling his lordship's entire attention to the great department over which he then presided with so much honour to himself and advantage to the nation, it became impossible for him to devote so much time to the entertainment of his friends in the country as would have been necessary for carrying on the performances with their usual perfection. They were therefore discontinued; but the memory of them is still cherished with enthusiasm by all who ever had the happiness of assisting at them, and will expire only with life itself.

As a proof that his lordship's zeal for his favourite art was not diminished by the discharge of his public duties, he soon afterwards took a leading part in laying the foundation of the Concert of Ancient Music, which was framed, as nearly as circumstances would admit, after the model of the Hinchingbrook meeting. And it is but justice to his memory to acknowledge, that the celebrated performances at Westminster-Abbey owe much of their splendour, and the order with which they

were conducted, to the unremitted exertions of his indefatigable mind; whose powers on this, as well as on other occasions, seemed to enlarge themselves in proportion to the magnitude and difficulty of the enterprises in which he was engaged.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

[*As this Department is not confined solely to Enigmas, Riddles, Charades, &c. the Proprietors earnestly solicit the Favours of Correspondents as Questions for Discussion, upon any Moral or interesting Subject, as History, Philosophy, Mathematics, &c. &c. their design being chiefly to exalt and improve the Minds of the rising Generation.*]

The Enigmas of last Month's Number answered by several correspondents, as under:—

1. Pipe.
2. Glass.
3. Bank.
4. Buck.
5. Cock.
6. Ball.
7. Bull.*

ENIGMAS FOR SOLUTION.

ENIGMA,

BY H. V. SELWYN.

8.

My name by all countries, all stations is known,
From the king on his throne, to th' rude village-clown.
The soldier without me to battle ne'er goes;
And much I'm admir'd by belles and beaux;
Without my assistance the eagle ne'er flies,
Nor the lark quits her nest to hail the sun-rise;

* The poetry to this solution, by T. B. has not sufficient merit for a place in the *Monthly Visitor*.

The ladies' attendant myself I profess,
By all I am known to assist much their dress;
Such pleasures I give, and such ease from me flows,
That without me they ne'er can taste soft repose;
For lightness my name quite an adage is grown,
As plain will appear, when to view it is shewn.

9.

In days of yore, heroic deeds
My presence indicated;
Now, Cloacina's temple near,
My station oft is fated.

10.

Linnæus says all birds and beasts must border
On some class, genus, species, or order:
I know not where, or in what class, you'll find
My fellow, genus, species or kind;
Nay, I myself am at a loss to give
My nature, element, or where I live;
For 'tis as true, as wonderful and rare,
Nature and art have each in me their share;
And not to earth alone am I confin'd,
To range on seas my maker me design'd.
Which shows I am of the amphibious kind;
And tho' he made me only to conceal,
Yet here will I my parts and powers reveal.
I am no bird, yet oft have wings to spread;
No beast of prey, tho' in the forest bred;
No fish, altho' like them sometimes a tail
Guides me along safe in the watery vale.
Sometimes my tail for four strong legs I change,
Which in the sea give me a wider range.
I'm not of human form, tho' still a soul
Direct my path, and all my ways controul.
Thus far my class, now for my end and use;
I'll say 'tis good, tho' subject to abuse.
Have ye not heard of Jonah and the whale?
How, when it boisterous blew, to sooth the gale,

They launch'd him from the ship into the deep;
How the great fish did in his belly keep
The sinner safe, as undigested food,
Three days and nights, and all for men's best good.
So, like the whale, in that same case you'll find
I swallow and I benefit mankind.

On some lone shore oft seeming still I lie,
Stretch'd in the glow of a fair summer's sky;
Till some poor Jonah (perhaps brought low by sin,
Perhaps with sickly countenance, and thin),
Urg'd by fair hope to pace the sandy beach,
Ventures his meagre form within my reach;
Then in a moment, with extended jaw,
I make him whole the victim of my maw,
And stretch my ample tail, my only guide,
And dash straight down into the swelling tide.
When there arrived, he gladly 'scapes from me,
And having sported in the briny sea,
As glad returns; then motionless I stand;
Then bear him safe to the desired land.
Now like the whale, on shore I cast him out,
And he, like Jonah, stands on shore unhurt;
Nay, both of them, you'll say, were meant for good,
If both of them are rightly understood.

CHARADES.

1.

WITHOUT aid from my first, the deep organ were mute,
Not a note could escape from the soft-breathing flute;
My second oft pour'd its melodious strains,
Gently touch'd by the skill of Arcadian swains:
By the powers of my whole, conversation's maintain'd,
Sweet music is made, knotty points are explain'd.

2.

BRITONS my first with strictest justice claim,
Their ancient birth-right, source of all their fame;

A monarch mourn'd my second's hapless fate,
When proud rebellion shook the Jewish state:
My whole, if hit on, gives it proper zest
To pun, enigma, repartee, or jest.

3.

My first is a fish, sometimes caught with a hook:
My second I do when I write in a book:
My whole's a mechanic, to all men well known,
Pursuing his trade both in country and town.

4.

My first's a spot oft causing strife
'Twixt dearest friends, e'en man and wife:
A relative the next will show:
The whole's a vessel, all men know.

REBUSSES.

1.

Each of my five syllables
Is a word, a meaning tells.
My first is to eat, oft at other folks' cost;
Next a stream where a son of Apollo was lost;
Third a verb that with down is often conjoin'd;
Fourth a pronoun oft selfishly used, you must find;
Fifth what with a journey is often combin'd.
Reverse this long word, and divide it again,
You will see that for other five words it is ta'en:
A negative first; then a neuter pronoun;
Then an egotist famous in country and town;
Then what Judas the traitor receiv'd from his Lord;
Then a word whose idea a wound will afford.
The word which these ten sev'ral offsprings produces,
Has not been without philosophical uses;
'Tis oft vague conjecture, position unproved,
Hypothesis vain, from the truth far removed.

2.

When I'm taken entire,
I'm oft found full of fire;
But my head take away,
I'm a tax many pay,
If my tail then you take,
I a quadruped make;
Now behead me once more,
And my tail 'gain restore,
I a goddess remain,
Who delights to give pain.

3.

I'm seen on high,
In yonder sky;
I'm seen below,
Where waters flow;
I'm seen on breasts
Where honour rests:
My several meanings now determine;
Reverse me, and I stand for vermin.

For the Monthly Visitor.

ON SLEEP,

BY DR. FRANKLIN.

As a great part of our life is spent in sleep, it may not be useless to examine what is the art of enjoying undisturbed repose. To this end it is, in the first place, necessary to be careful in preserving health, by due exercise, and great temperance; for, in sickness, the imagination is disturbed; and disagreeable, sometimes terrible, ideas are apt to present themselves. Exercise should precede meals, not immediately follow them: the first promotes, the latter, unless moderate, obstructs digestion. If, after exercise, we feed spar-

ingly, the digestion will be easy and good, the body lightsome, the temper cheerful, and all the animal functions performed agreeably. Sleep, when it follows, will be natural and undisturbed. While indolence, with full feeding, occasions nightmares and horrors inexpressible: we fall from precipices, are assaulted by wild beasts, murderers, and demons, and experience every variety of distress. Observe, however, that the quantities of food and exercise are relative things: those who move much may, and indeed ought to eat more; those who use little exercise should eat little. In general, mankind, since the improvement of cookery, eat about twice as much as nature requires. Suppers are not bad, if we have not dined; but restless nights naturally follow hearty suppers after full dinners. Indeed, as there is a difference in constitution, some rest well after these meals; it costs them only a frightful dream, and an apoplexy, afterwhich they sleep till doomsday. Nothing is more common in the newspapers, than instances of people, who, after eating a hearty supper, are found dead in bed in the morning.

Another means of preserving health, to be attended to, is the having a constant supply of fresh air in your bed-chamber. It has been a great mistake, the sleeping in rooms exactly closed, and in beds surrounded by curtains. No outward air, that may come in to you, is so unwholesome as the unchanged air, often breathed, of a close chamber. As boiling water does not grow hotter by longer boiling, if the particles that receive greater heat can escape; so living bodies do not putrify, if the particles, as fast as they become putrid, can be thrown off. Nature expels them by the pores of the skin and lungs, and in a free open air they are carried off; but, in a close room, we receive them again and again, tho' they become more and more

corrupt. A number of persons crowded into a small room, thus spoil the air in a few minutes, and even render it mortal, as in the Black Hole at Calcutta. A single person is said to spoil only a gallon of air per minute, and therefore requires a longer time to spoil a chamber-full; but it is done, however, in proportion, and many putrid disorders hence have their origin.

Physicians, after having for ages contended that the sick should not be indulged with fresh air, have at length discovered that it may do them good. It is therefore to be hoped that they may in time discover likewise, that it is not hurtful to those who are in health; and that we may be then cured of the *aërophobia*, that at present distresses weak minds, and make them choose to be stifled and poisoned, rather than leave open the window of a bed-chamber, or put down the glass of a coach.

Confined air, when saturated with perspirable matter,* will not receive more: and that matter must remain in our bodies, and occasion diseases: but it gives some previous notice of its being about to be hurtful, by its producing certain uneasiness, slight indeed at first, such as, with regard to the lungs, is a tickling sensation, and to the pores of the skin a kind of restlessness which is difficult to describe, and few that feel it know the cause of it. But we may recollect, that sometimes, on waking in the night, we have, if warmly covered, found it difficult to get asleep again. We turn often without finding repose in any position. This fidgettiness, to use a vulgar expression for want of

* What physicians call the perspirable matter, is the vapour which passes off from our bodies, from the lungs, and through the pores of the skin. The quantity of this is said to be five-eighths of what we eat.

a better, is occasioned wholly by an uneasiness in the skin, owing to the retention of the perspirable matter—the bed-clothes having received their quantity, and, being saturated, refusing to take any more. To become sensible of this by an experiment, let a person keep his position in the bed, but throw off the bed-clothes, and suffer fresh air to approach the part uncovered of his body; he will then feel that part suddenly refreshed; for the air will immediately relieve the skin, by receiving, licking up, and carrying off, the load of perspirable matter that incommoded it. For every portion of cool air that approaches the warm skin, in receiving its part of that vapour, receives therewith a degree of heat that rarefies and renders it lighter, when it will be pushed away, with its burden, by cooler, and therefore heavier fresh air; which, for a moment, supplies its place, and then, being likewise changed, and warmed, gives way to a succeeding quantity. This is the order of nature, to prevent animals being infected by their own perspiration. He will now be sensible of the difference between the part exposed to the air, and that which, remaining sunk in the bed, denies the air access: for this part now manifests its uneasiness more distinctly by the comparison, and the seat of the uneasiness is more plainly perceived, than when the whole surface of the body was affected by it.

Here, then, is one great and general cause of unpleasing dreams. For when the body is uneasy the mind will be disturbed by it, and disagreeable ideas of various kinds will, in sleep, be the natural consequences. The remedies, preventative and curative, follow:—

1. By eating moderately (as before advised for health's sake), less perspirable matter is produced in a given time; hence the bed-clothes receive it longer before they are saturated; and we may,

therefore, sleep longer, before we are made uneasy by their refusing to receive any more.

2. By using thinner and more porous bed-clothes, which will suffer the perspirable matter more easily to pass through them, we are less incommoded, such being longer tolerable.

3. When you are awakened by this uneasiness, and find you cannot easily sleep again, get out of bed, beat up and turn your pillow, shake the bed-clothes well, with at least twenty shakes, then throw the bed open, and leave it to cool; in the meanwhile, continuing undrest, walk about your chamber, till your skin has had time to discharge its load, which it will do sooner as the air may be drier and colder. When you begin to feel the cold air unpleasant, then return to your bed; and you will soon fall asleep, and your sleep will be sweet and pleasant. All the scenes presented to your fancy will be of the pleasing kind. I am often as agreeably entertained with them, as by the scenery of an opera. If you happen to be too indolent to get out of bed, you may, instead of it, lift up your bed-clothes with one arm and leg, so as to draw in a good deal of fresh air, and, by letting them fall, force it out again. This repeated twenty times will so clear them of the perspirable matter they have imbibed, as to permit your sleeping well for some time afterwards. But this latter method is not equal to the former.

Those who do not love trouble, and can afford to have two beds, will find great luxury in rising, when they awake in a hot bed, and going into the cool one. Such shifting of beds would also be of great service to persons ill of a fever, as it refreshes, and frequently procures sleep. A very large bed that will admit a removal so distant from the first situation as to be cool and sweet, may in a degree answer the same end.

One or two observations more will conclude this little piece. Care must be taken, when you lie down, to dispose your pillow so as to suit your manner of placing your head, and to be perfectly easy; then place your limbs so as not to bear inconveniently hard upon each other, as, for instance, the joints of your ancles: for though a bad position may at first give but little pain, and be hardly noticed, yet a continuance will render it less tolerable, and the uneasiness may come on while you are asleep, and disturb your imagination.

A CURIOUS AND MOMENTOUS CALCULATION.

THE difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years (supposing a person should go to bed at the same times he otherwise would) amounts to 29,000 hours, or three years, one hundred and twenty-one days, six hours; so that it is just the same as if ten years of life (a weighty consideration) were to be added; to which we might command eight hours every day, for the cultivation of our minds in knowledge and virtue, or the dispatch of business.

This calculation is made without regard to the bessextile, which reduces it to three years, one hundred and eleven days, sixteen hours; and at eight hours a day, will want about a month of ten years.

MURPHY's LIFE OF GARRICK.

(JUST PUBLISHED.)

FROM this very interesting work, it is our intention to lay before our readers some valuable anecdotes of that inimitable performer, the late David Garrick, Esq. Mr. Murphy, whose pen is every way qualified to do justice to a performance of

this nature, thus speaks of the birth and theatrical career of our English Roscius:—

David Garrick, (says he) was born in the city of Hereford, and baptized, as appears by the register in the church of All Souls, on the 20th of February, 1716. He was the grandson of Monsieur Garrick, a merchant in France, who, on the revocation of the edict of Nantz, fled to England, with other emigrants, and settled in the city. His son, Peter Garrick, obtained a captain's commission in the army, and was the father of our great English actor. He had fixed his residence at Litchfield, but happened, in the above year, to be on a recruiting party at Hereford, and his wife was brought to-bed at that place. She was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Clough, one of the vicars in Litchfield cathedral. It appears that Captain Garrick, soon after that time, sold his commission, and retired on half-pay. He continued his residence at Litchfield, managing his slender income with strict œconomy; a man of pleasing manners, and much respected by the best families in the neighbourhood. He trained up his son David with the tenderest care, and sent him, when ten years of age, to the grammar-school, under the tuition of Mr. Hunter, who, we are told, was an odd mixture of the pedant and sportsman. His young pupil did not apply with diligence to his learning; lively, brisk, and volatile, he played all his little pranks, and to him serious attention was downright drudgery. He soon discovered a turn for mimickry: the strolling actors, who at times visited Litchfield, kindled in his young mind, an early love of theatrical performances. What he admired, he soon wished to put in practice; and, with that view, engaged a set of his school-fellows to undertake their several parts in a comedy. He

was now the manager of a company. The *Recruiting Officer* was his favourite play. Having drilled his young performers by frequent rehearsals, the play was acted before a select audience in the year 1727. Garrick was then eleven years old. He appeared in the character of *Serjeant Kite*, and, it is said, acquitted himself with great humour. This was a prelude to the fame that lay in wait for him; a prognostic of our *future Roscius*. In 1729, or 1730, our young actor was sent to his uncle, a thriving wine-merchant at Lisbon; but being found too volatile for a counting-house, he returned home in the following year. His father placed him once more under the care of Mr. Hunter, where his vivacity was superior to serious application. But a lad of his parts was sure to glean and snatch a great deal of school-learning. It happened that in the year 1735, the celebrated Samuel Johnson, a native of Litchfield, formed a design to open an academy for classical education. He was encouraged to pursue his plan by Gilbert Walmsley, register of the ecclesiastical court, a man of erudition, and an active generous friend. By his advice, Johnson gave notice, by public advertisement, that,

"*At Edial, near Litchfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen were boarded, and taught the Latin and Greek languages, by*

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

Garrick, at that time turned of eighteen, was consigned to Johnson: seven or eight more were all that embraced the opportunity to complete their education. Garrick began to apply himself to the classics, but the master of the academy grew tired of his undertaking: the servile task of inculcating the rules of grammar and syntax gave him disgust.

Having remained in his vocation about a year, he resolved to abandon it altogether. He loitered for some months in his native place, wishing for an ampler scene, and meditating he knew not what prodigious things; like the sportsman described by Virgil, who is tired of pursuing game, and wishes for a nobler chase:

> Spumantemque dari pecori inter inertia votis
> Optat aprum, aut sulvum descendere monte leonem.

Garrick at the same time was weary of his situation in a country town. He longed for a more splendid scene, where he might enlarge his views. He and Johnson exchanged sentiments, and resolved on an expedition to the metropolis.

Mr. Walmsley was consulted on the occasion. He had a regard for young Garrick, and, wishing that he should complete his education, wrote to Mr. Colson, a celebrated mathematician, at that time master of the school at Rochester, requesting that he would take the pupil, whom he recommended in strong terms, under his tuition. He says of Garrick, "*He is a very sensible young man, and a good scholar; of a sober and good disposition, and as ingenious and promising a young man as ever I knew in my life.*" It appears that Mr. Colson was willing to comply with his friend's request, and accordingly Garrick and Johnson set off for London on the 2d of March 1737. The precise day is ascertained by Mr. Walmsley's second letter of that date, in which he says, "*Garrick, and another neighbour of mine, one Mr. Samuel Johnson, set out this morning for London together. Davy Garrick will be with you early in the next week, and Mr. Johnson goes to try his fate with a tragedy, and to see to get himself employed in some translation from the Latin or the French.*"

With this recommendation, the two friends sallied out to seek their fortunes. The city of Litchfield had the honour of sending forth in one day the two greatest geniuses, in their different walks, that have been known in modern times. Garrick was entered a student of Lincoln's Inn, on the 9th of March 1737, but his finances did not enable him to pursue that profession. Nor did he remove to Rochester, to place himself under Mr. Colson. About the end of the year, his uncle arrived from Lisbon, with intent to settle in London. His design was frustrated by a fit of illness, which, in a short time, put an end to his days. He left his nephew David 1000l. and to each of his brothers and sisters the sum of 500l. Upon this event, Garrick had recourse to Mr. Colson, and remained several months under that gentleman's patronage. During his stay at Rochester, his father, Captain Garrick, died of a lingering illness, and his wife did not survive him above a year. They left three sons, Peter the eldest, David and George, and, besides them, two daughters. David Garrick took his leave of Mr. Colson, and returned to the metropolis. Sublime geometry had no attraction for him, whose ruling passion was the dramatic art. The law was likewise too dry a study: the briars and brambles of that science deterred him from thinking any more of Lincoln's Inn. Peter, his eldest brother, had entered into the business of a wine-merchant, and in 1738, David was induced to enter into partnership. The famous Samuel Foote used to say, "He remembered Garrick living in Durham-yard, with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar, calling himself a wine-merchant." It is certain, however, that he served all the houses in the neighbourhood of the two play-houses, and at those places was a member of different clubs, with the actors of the time. He loved to indulge in a

vein of criticism on the several performers, and, to illustrate his remarks, he mounted the table, and displayed those talents for mimickry, for which he has been much celebrated in the character of *Bayes*.

From this time the profession of an actor was the object of his ambition. The stage, at that period, was in a low condition. Macklin had played *Shylock* with applause, and Quin was, beyond all doubt, a most excellent performer. Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Woffington shone in genteel comedy, and Mrs. Clive made the province of humour entirely her own. She deserved to be called the COMIC MUSE. And yet the drama was sunk to the lowest ebb: in tragedy, declamation roared in a most unnatural strain; rant was passion; whining was grief; vociferation was terror, and drawling accents were the voice of love. Comedy was reduced to farce and buffoonery. Garrick saw that nature was banished from the theatre, but he flattered himself that he should be able to revive a better taste, and succeed by the truth of imitation. He was, in consequence, now resolved to launch into the theatrical world, and, accordingly, in the beginning of 1740, he dissolved partnership with his brother, Peter Garrick. He passed the remainder of the year in preparation for his great design; he studied the best characters of *Shakespeare* and of our comic writers with all his attention, but, at last, he was frightened by the difficulties that stood in his way. A new school of acting was to be established, and the attempt, he was aware, would be called innovation. He shrunk back, not being sure of his own power; but the impulse of nature was not to be resisted. His genius drove him on. His friend, Mr. Giffard, was the manager of the theatre in Goodman's Fields. Garrick consulted him, and, by his advice, de-

termined to make an experiment of himself at a country theatre. The scheme was settled, and they both set out for the city of Ipswich, where, in the summer 1741, there was a regular company of comedians. Garrick's diffidence was still so great, that he assumed the name of Lyddal; and, that he might remain unknown, he chose, for his first appearance, the character of *Aboan*, in the tragedy of *Oronooko*. In that disguise he passed the *rubicon*; but his reception was such, that, in a few days, he ventured to throw off his black complexion, and shew himself in the part of *Chamont*, in the *Orphan*. The applause he met with, encouraged him to display his powers in comedy. The inhabitants of Ipswich were not the only attendants at the theatre; the gentlemen, all round the country, went in crowds to see the new performer. Ipswich has reason to be proud of the taste and judgment, with which they gave the warmest encouragement to a promising genius. The people of that city were the first patrons of a young actor, who, in a short time, became the brilliant ornament of the English stage.

Garrick, from that time, spoke on all occasions of the encouragement he received at Ipswich, with pride and gratitude. He used to say, that, if he had failed there, it was his fixed resolution to think no more of the stage; but the applause he met with inspired him with confidence. He returned to town before the end of the summer, resolved in the course of the following winter to present himself before a London audience. To gain this point, he concerted all his measures; but the road before him was by no means open. It was necessary to procure a station at one of the theatres. For that purpose, he offered his service to Fleetwood, and after him to Rich. The two managers considered him as a mere strolling actor,

a vain pretender to the art, and rejected him with disdain. They had reason, however, in the following season, to repent of their conduct. Garrick applied to his friend Giffard, the manager of Goodman's Fields, and agreed to act under his management, at a salary of *five pounds* a week. Having gained confidence in his powers from the encouragement he received at Ipswich, he resolved to think no more of subordinate characters, but to strike a bold stroke, and set out at the very head of the profession. The part he chose was *Richard III.* a great and arduous undertaking. He had studied the character, and his feelings told him, that he should be able to acquit himself with reputation. Old Cibber had long before prepared the play, with considerable alterations, and the new matter introduced by him was, with great judgment, selected from *Shakespeare* himself. He acted *Richard* with great applause, and he tells us, he made Sandford his model. He adds, that Sir John Vanbrugh told him, that "*he never knew an actor profit so much by another: you have the very look of Sandford, his gesture, gait, speech, and every motion of him; and you have borrowed them all to serve you in that character.*" But this borrowing so exactly and minutely from a contemporary actor does not convey the idea of a great tragedian. In fact, Cibber was a most excellent comedian, but by no means qualified for the great emotions of the tragic muse. His voice was feeble, swelling frequently to a drawling tone, and altogether ill-suited to the force and energy of *Richard*. Garrick scorned to lacky after any actor whatever; he depended on his own genius, and was completely an original performer. All was his own creation: he might truly say, "*I am myself alone!*" His first appearance on the London stage, was at Goodman's Fields, on the 19th

of October, 1741. The moment he entered the scene, the character he assumed was visible in his countenance; the power of his imagination was such, that he transformed himself into the very man; the passions rose in rapid succession, and, before he uttered a word, were legible in every feature of that various face. His look, his voice, his attitude, changed with every sentiment. To describe him in the vast variety that occurs in *Richard*, would draw us into too much length. The rage and rapidity, with which he spoke,

> The north!—what do they in the north,
> When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

made a most astonishing impression on the audience. His soliloquy in the tent-scene discovered the inward man. Every thing he described was almost reality; the spectator thought he heard the hum of either army from camp to camp, and steed threatening steed. When he started from his dream, he was a spectacle of horror: he called out in a manly tone,

> Give me another horse;

He paused, and, with a countenance of dismay, advanced, crying out in a tone of distress,

> Bind up my wounds;

and then, falling on his knees, said in the most piteous accent,

> Have mercy Heaven!

In all this, the audience saw an exact imitation of nature. His friend Hogarth has left a most excellent picture of Garrick in this scene. He was then on the eve of a battle, and, in spite of all the terrors of conscience, his courage mounted to a blaze. When in Bosworth field, he roared out,

> A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

All was rage, fury, and almost reality. To be convinced of this, the reader needs only to see a most admirable picture of him by Mr. Dance, whose pencil has given immortal fame to Garrick, and has done equal honour to himself. It is no wonder that an actor thus accomplished, made, on the very first night, a deep impression on the audience. His fame ran through the metropolis. The public went in crowds to see a young performer, who came forth at once a complete master of his art. From the polite ends of Westminster the most elegant company flocked to Goodman's Fields, insomuch that from Temple Bar the whole way was covered with a string of coaches. The great Mr. Pope was drawn from his retreat at Twickenham, and, we are assured, Lord Orrery was so struck with the performance, that he said, "*I am afraid the young man will be spoiled, for he will have no competitor.*"

(To be continued.)

The Cabinet of Mirth.

"*Here let the jest and mirthful tale go round.*"

EPIGRAM.

SAYS Jack to Miss *Tenant*, with impudent leer,
"I love thee, dear girl, as my life,
Nor doubt that I'll prove thee a *landlord* sincere;
If thou'lt take but my *house* as a wife."

"I can see through your puns," said the nymph, with a smile,
"But don't think that your hopes I'll fulfil,
For I'll wed, or a freehold remain for a while,
But I'll ne'er be a *tenant at will.*

The Countess of Spencer has made Admiral Lord Nelson a present of a gold fork, with four

prongs; the edge of which, on one side, is so well adapted, that it serves also for a knife, to be used, if wanted, at the same time, with one hand. An Irishman, on hearing this, exclaimed, "Och! and sure that four-pronged fork is a *trident* to rule the sea with!"

Our *bon vivants* begin to be seriously alarmed at the progress of the French arms; and it might be admitted that these apprehensions are not without reason. Should the enemy succeed in their designs upon Portugal, there is no doubt of our being speedily deprived of our most favourite *port!*

Charles Bannister, the comedian, having ordered, at a coffee-house where he frequented, some lamb chops for dinner, thought green peas (being in season) would be a great improvement to his dish, which he accordingly ordered; but, when brought to table, not appearing of that colour which we expect to see them, but of a yellow cast, he called to the waiter, who making his appearance, was desired to take that dish of peas to Kensington, and still urging his demand, which was not comprehended by the waiter, was asked his reason for such a request, when Bannister pleasantly replied, "'Twas the way to *Turnham Green!*"

One of the morning papers, lately, after stating that a fine *gelding* had been stolen from a certain stable, very *reasonably* pronounced, that the robbery had been *committed by some horse-stealer!*

Mr. *Burr*, who is spoken of as likely to succeed to the presidency of the United States of America, is so little known in this country, that a north-country gentleman, on being asked the other day

who he was, replied, "that he knew nothing at all about him, unless he was one of the *Burrs** of *Newcastle!*"

Two men riding from Shipton to Burford, and seeing a miller ride softly before them on his sacks, resolved to abuse him; so one went on one side of him, and t'other on the other side, saying—"Miller, now tell us, which art thou, *more knave or fool?*" "Truly," says he, "I do not know which I am most, but I guess I am *between both.*"

Beau Nash soliciting a nobleman for a subscription to a public charity, his lordship being somewhat out of temper, put him off, telling him he would consider of it: but Nash begged his lordship would give him a positive answer, yes or no. To which the nobleman replied—"No, I tell you No." "I thank your lordship," says Nash, taking out his list; "how much shall I set you down?" "What do you mean by thanking me?" returned the nobleman, "when I gave you a negative." "Hold, my lord," returned Nash, "you said no, twice, and I need not inform your lordship that two negatives make an affirmative." This repartee so pleased the nobleman, that he gave him a handsome subscription.

A rich farmer's son, who had been bred at the university, coming home to visit his father and

* It is notorious, that the accent of the Newcastle people in general sounds as though they had a *burr* in their throats; and that the letter *r* is the most difficult for them to pronounce; hence the laconic lines:—

While *r*ound the *r*ugged *r*ocks
The *r*agged *r*ascals *r*un.

mother, they being one night at supper on a couple of fowls, he told them, that by logic and arithmetic he could prove those *two* fowls to be *three*. "Well, let us hear," said the old man. "Why this," cried the scholar, "*is one*; and this," continued he, "*is two*: two and one, you know, father, make three." "Since you have made it out so well," answered the old man, "your mother shall have the first fowl, I will have the second, and the third you may keep to yourself for your great learning."

A sailor passing by a cooper's shop, and seeing a number of tubs piled above each other at the door, began to kick and tumble them about the street, The master coming out, and desiring to know the reason—"Hang it," replied Jack, "why should not every tub stand upon its own bottom?"

Henry the Eighth of England, and Francis the First of France, were both princes of a very warm temper; and the former having a design of sending an angry message to the latter, pitched on Sir Thomas More, his chancellor, for the messenger. Sir Thomas having received his instructions, told Henry, that he feared if he carried such a message to such a violent man as Francis was, it might cost him his head. "Never fear, man," said the king, "if Francis was to cut off your head, I would make every Frenchman now in my power, a head shorter." "I am much obliged to your majesty," replied the facetious chancellor, "but I much doubt if any of their heads will fit my shoulders!"

Lord M——, once on a visit at Carlton-house, was struck with amazement at the prince's High-

lander, against whose *knee-pan* his lordship, by accident, brushed his *nose*. The Highlander *boo'd doon*, and hoped he had not offended; and this his lordship took so kindly, that he put a piece of money into his hands, at the same time saying—"You are one of the most extraordinary animals I ever saw." The Highlander, with peculiar archness, refused the money, saying—"My lord, we naw taak any thing from one another."

Doctor Johnson's Dictionary was not entirely written by himself; one Steward, a porter-drinking man, was employed with him; Steward's business was to collect the authorities for the different words.

Whilst this dictionary was in hand, Dr. Johnson was in debt to a milkman, who attempted to arrest him. The Doctor then lived in Gough-square. Once on an alarm of this kind, he brought down his bed and barricadoed the door, and from the window harangued the milkman and bailiffs in these words:—"Depend upon it, I will defend this my little citadel to the utmost."

About this time the Doctor exhibited a proof that the most ingenuous mind may be so debased by distress as to commit mean actions.—In order to raise a present supply, Johnson delivered to Mr. ———, the printer, as new copy, several sheets of his Dictionary, already printed and paid for; for which he thus obtained a second payment. The doctor's credit with his bookseller not being then sterling, and the occasion for money very pressing, ways and means, to raise the supply wanted, were necessary to prevent a refusal.

These circumstances the writer of the above articles received from a person who was concerned in printing the Dictionary.

PUBLIC RECANTATION.

Whereas I George Robinson, of Leegomery, in the parish of Wellington, in the county of Salop, weaver, did some time back, go to the house of Mr. John Roden, of Wellington, victualler, and in the presence of several people then in the house, wantonly and maliciously say to his wife, that she had fallen asleep in church during divine service, and that she awoke and sang out "Tally O the Grinder," in the midst, and to the great disturbance of the congregation, which calumny has been circulated as a fact, to the great prejudice and injury of the said Mr. and Mrs. Roden, both in business and reputation; for which an action hath been commenced against me, but on my promise not to be guilty of the like in future, and publicly asking her pardon, as well as to pay the expences already incurred, they have consented to withdraw the same.

I do therefore now humbly beg her pardon, and declare to the world that the words I spoke, were without any foundation whatever, and I do promise not to be guilty of the like again. Witness my mark this 4th day of February, 1801.

Witness, Thomas Pugh, John Phillips. The mark ⋈ of GEORGE ROBINSON.

JOHNSON AND GARRICK.—In Mr. Murphy's life of Garrick, just published, we hope he has not omitted the following anecdote:—When Johnson and Garrick were dining together in a large party, the doctor humourously ascertaining the chronology of something, expressed himself thus—"That was the year when I came to London with twopence-halfpenny in my pocket." Garrick overhearing him, exclaimed, "Eh! what do you say? With twopence-halfpenny in your pocket?" — "Why, yes, Davy, when I came with that sum, and you with three halfpence in thine." What Garrick amassed as actor and manager is pretty well known.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

PARSON PATTEN.

BY FRANCIS GROSE, F. R. S.

THE Rev. Mr. Patten, curate of Whitstable, was of a very singular character: he had originally been a sea chaplain, and contracted much of the tar-like roughness: he was of an athletic make, and had some wit and humour, not restrained by any very strict ideas of professional propriety. He was for many years curate of Whitstable, at a very small stipend, and used to travel, to serve that and another church, in a butcher's cart. Whitstable is situated by the sea-side, and is extremely agueish; so that had he been dismissed, it would not have been very easy for the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was the rector, to have procured another curate at the same price. This he well knew; and, presuming on it, was a terror to every new archbishop.

Mr. Patten was not a rigid high priest; he openly kept a mistress; and on any one going into church in sermon-time, and shewing him a lemon, he would instantly conclude his discourse and adjourn to the alehouse. He used to call the prebendaries of Canterbury, cardinals, and all the young fellows of his acquaintance, who came over to Whitstable, *his nephews*.

When Dr. Wake was archbishop, some talebearer informed his grace, that Patten had given a marriage certificate, which he had signed by the title of Bishop of Whitstable! At his next visitation the archbishop sternly asked Mr. Patten whether that report was true? to which Patten replied, "I shall answer your grace's question by

another—" are you fool enough to take notice of it?"

When Dr. Secker was enthroned, or soon after, he gave a charge to his clergy, and among other articles found great fault with the scanty allowance frequently paid to curates: Patten, who was there (though not summoned, the bishop, fearful of some of his remarks, having ordered the proctor to leave him out of the list), got up, and bowing to the archbishop, said with a loud voice, "*I thank your grace.*" After the charge was over, the proctor, by mistake, called the Rev. Mr. Patten, who, bustling through the crowd, came up to the archbishop: he seeing he could not avoid it, began with the usual question, "You are Sir, I think, curate of Whitstable?" To which Patten replied, "I am, may it please your grace, and have for it received from your grace's predecessors the paltry sum of thirty pounds per annum only, although the living brings in above three hundred." "Don't enlarge," said the archbishop. "No, but I hope your grace will," rejoined Mr. Patten.

The following story, of Parson Patten laying a ghost, I had from his own mouth.

A substantial farmer, married to a second wife, and who had a son grown up to man's estate, frequently promised to take him in as a partner in his farm, or at least to leave it to him at his decease; but having neglected to do either, on his death, his widow took possession of the lease, and carried on the business; the son in vain urging the father's promise, and requesting she would at least take him as a partner. In order to terrify his mother into a compliance, he used to rise at midnight, and with hideous groans to drag the waggon chain about the yard and outhouses, circulating a report that this noise was occasioned by his father's ghost,

and that he would not rest quietly in his grave till his promise to his son was completed. This was carried on for some time; till at length the widow, who had no relish for giving up any part of the farm, applied to Mr. Patten (in whose parish the farm lay), for his advice, saying she would have the ghost laid in the Red Sea, if he could do it. Patten, though no believer in ghosts, resolved to turn this matter to his own advantage, and putting on a grave countenance, told her, that what she required was no small matter; that to lay a ghost, besides a good stock of courage, required much learning, as the whole form must necessarily be pronounced in Latin; wherefore he could not afford to do it under a guinea. The widow hereupon demurred for some time; but at length, tired out with the freaks of the supposed ghost, who every day became more and more outrageous, agreed to give it. Patten, moreover, required a fire in the best parlour, two candles, and a large bowl of punch. These being all prepared, the parson took his post, expecting the ghost. The farmer's son, who did not know the sort of man he had to deal with, thought he could frighten the parson, and accordingly at twelve began his perambulation. No sooner did Patten hear his chain and groans than he sallied forth, and, without any farther ceremony, seized the supposed ghost by the collar, belabouring him at the same time heartily with a good oak sapling. The young farmer, finding himself by no means a match for his opponent, fell on his knees, and confessed the contrivance; beseeching the parson, at the same time, not to expose him, nor reveal it to his mother-in-law, who would have been glad of the pretence to turn him out of the house. The parson, on the young man's promise never to disturb the house again, let

him go, and undertook to settle matters with his mother-in-law.

Early next morning she came down, anxious to know what had passed the preceding the night, when the parson, with a well-counterfeited terror in his countenance, told her he had been engaged in a terrible conflict, the deceased being one of the most obstinate and fierce spirits he had ever met with; but that he had at length, with great difficulty and expence of Latin, laid him: poor wicked soul, says he, I forgive him, though great part of his disquiet is owing to thirty shillings for tythes of which he defrauded me, but which he desired, nay, commanded, you should pay; and on that condition only he has agreed to trouble the house no more; he does not insist on your completing his promise to your son, but wishes you would at least let him have a share in the farm. To this the woman assented, and the parson received the thirty shillings over and above the stipulated guinea. The woman likewise admitted her son-in-law joint partner with her in the lease.

Among the good qualities the Rev. Mr. Patten had to boast of, that of a good paymaster was not included: on the contrary, fame spoke so unfavourably of him, respecting this article, that none of the Canterbury tradesmen would let him have a single article of goods without first depositing the ready money for it. Under this predicament, his wig had long passed through the medium of strait hair to the state of curling negatively, or inwards; or, in plain terms, was reduced to the condition of being only fit for a scare-crow: but how to get another was the difficulty; he had not the money, and christian faith was wanting.

In this situation, he accidentally heard of a new peruke-maker from London, who had lately settled

in the High-street. To him he went a little before dinner-time, and bespoke a full cauliflower wig. The barber, struck with the reverend appearance of his new customer, whose character had not reached his ears, gladly undertook to furnish him; and his dinner being ready, he respectfully begged the honour of the doctor's company to partake of it, and afterwards introduced a large bowl of punch: Patten ate and drank heartily, and got into great good humour. When the bowl was out, the barber would have proceeded to business, and produced his measures, but Patten cut him short, and greatly surprised him, by saying, "he need not trouble himself to measure him: he would get his wig elsewhere." The barber, fearing he had taken offence at something that had passed at table, humbly begged pardon if he had been wanting in respect, protesting it was unintentional, and contrary to his meaning. "No, no, sir," answered Patten, "it is nothing of that: look you, I find you are an honest, generous fellow; it would be a pity to take you in; I should never have paid you for your wig; I will therefore get it elsewhere."

A neighbouring clergyman, who pretended to great skill in the Hebrew and Oriental languages, shewed Patten his study, in which were books in almost every language. "And pray, brother," said Patten, "do you understand all those different tongues?" On being answered in the affirmative; "one would think," rejoined he, "that you had got your head broken with a brick from the tower of Babel.

Patten long refused to read the Athanasian creed. The archdeacon reproving him for that omission, told him, his grace the archbishop read it. "That may be," answered Patten, "perhaps he may believe it, but I don't: he believes at

the rate of seven thousand per annum; I at that of less than fifty."

Patten, in his last sickness, was in great distress, which Dr. Secker hearing, sent him ten guineas by the archdeacon; to whom he made the following acknowledgement:—"Thank his grace most heartily, and tell him, now I know he is a man of God, for I have seen his good angels."

STRANGE VENGEANCE

TAKEN BY A MALAY SLAVE AT THE CAPE, ON HIS DUTCH MASTER.

THE slave having served with great activity and fidelity for many years, begged for his emancipation. His request was denied. A few days afterwards, he murdered his fellow-labourer and friend. Being brought before a commission of the court of justice, he acknowledged that the youth whom he had murdered was his friend: but that the killing him had appeared the most effectual way of being revenged on his master, and better than even killing the master himself: because by robbing him of 1000 rixdollars by the loss of the boy, and another thousand by bringing himself to death, the avaricious mind of his master would be for ever tormented for the remainder of his days.

The voluminous commentator, Burman. used to read out a certain number of pipes of tobacco. His countrymen at the Cape of Good Hope have adopted the same mode of reckoning time, when they flog the Hottentots. The government of Malacca also flog by pipes; and the chief magistrate and his assessors are the smoakers on such occasions.

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgements as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

DRURY LANE.

JAN. 10. THE entertaining comedy of *The Belle's Stratagem* was performed last night to a very genteel audience. The characters, particularly the female ones, were extremely well supported. Miss Pope, in *Mrs. Rackett*; and Miss Biggs, in *Letitia Hardy*, were excellent; Miss Campbell, in *Lady Touchwood*, played with much feeling and judgment. This young lady deserves to be, and no doubt will be, brought more forward. The new Scotch ballet of "Our Dancing Days," is a very pretty one, and was very well executed.

Jan. 29. THE VETERAN TAR, a new musical entertainment, was produced here for the first time. The fable principally consists in the shipwreck of an English vessel on the coast, the escape of the captain's son, his love for *Cicely*, a pretty village

girl, the discovery of the rest of the crew's safety, and also that of his father, whose consent he obtains by gallantly boarding a French privateer, with the aid of his companions. The illness of *Cicely's* father affords an opportunity for introducing a ridiculous old *Apothecary*, who is the rival of the young tar.—In the dialogue there are several good sentiments, and a more than ordinary number of allusions to our naval glory, all of which were attended with applause; particularly the defiance of the old captain to the northern powers, which produced three loud and distinct plaudits.—It is said to be the composition of Mr. Arnold; and the music, its great recommendation, is furnished by Dr. Arnold, his father.

This piece received some opposition on the first night of representation, but has since undergone some judicious alterations, and had a great run.

FEB. 12. The tragedy of *Cymbeline* was revived here last night. The scenery is beautiful, and the dresses are uncommonly splendid. Mr. Kemble in *Posthumus*, and Mrs. Siddons in *Imogen*, were received by a crowded audience with the degree of applause due to their merit. Mr. Barrymore's *Iachimo* was attended by reiterated marks of approbation, particularly in the chamber scene. Mrs. Powell did justice to the trifling part of the *Queen*, and the other performers exerted themselves with much success. The style in which this admired play is got up, does great credit to the manager.

Feb. 24. DEAF AND DUMB;* or, THE ORPHAN PROTECTED. This evening a new historical drama, in five acts, under the above title, was performed at this theatre, for the first time. The principal characters were thus represented:—

* The best translation of this play is from the pen of Benjamin Thompson, Esq. being No. 16 of the *German Theatre*, published by Messrs. Vernor and Hood, Poultry.

MEN.

Julio of Harancour (Theodore)	Miss De Camp.
Darlemont	Mr. Wroughton.
St. Alme	Mr. C. Kemble.
Franval	Mr. Barrymore.
De l'Epée	Mr. Kemble.
Dufré	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Pierre	Mr. Palmer.
Dominic	Mr. Suett.

WOMEN.

Madame Franval	Miss Pope.
Marianne	Mrs. Mountain.
Claudine	Mrs. Sparks.

This interesting piece is a translation from the German of Kotzebue, adapted to the English stage by Mr. Kemble. It may be considered an handsome compliment to the humane institution established at Paris for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, of which fame has spoken so highly. Of the merits of the establishment, the following description, given by the Abbé del'Epée, the founder of the seminary, may afford some idea. "If the peasant," says he, "feels delight when he beholds the abundant harvest which rewards his industry; judge what must be my sensations, when I stand in the midst of my pupils, and see how the unfortunate beings emerge by degrees from darkness; how they become animated by the first beam of heavenly light; how they step by step discover their powers, impart their ideas to each other, and form around me an interesting family, of which I am the father." An institution such as this must be a fruitful source of anecdote, and accordingly we find the author has, in the present instance, availed himself of one long familiar to the public, and not the less interesting from its being founded on fact. The fable is the simplest that can be conceived; but its simplicity is the simplicity of nature, and the most successful appeal to her force

and influence. *Julio*, an interesting youth, born deaf and dumb, the orphan heir to the first magistrate of Toulouse, is brought to Paris by *Darlemont*, his uncle and guardian, and exposed in a mean attire. Here he is received into the Philanthropic Asylum for unfortunates of his kind, under the name of *Theodore*. His manners, so ill corresponding with the meanness of his dress, at once induce the discerning *Del'Epée* to suspect that his pupil is the victim of fraud and injustice, and the quick intelligence of the youth soon confirms this suspicion. He accordingly sets out with him for the south of France, from some city of which his observations on the conduct of the boy lead him to conclude he has come. Arrived at Toulouse, the extravagant joy exhibited in the looks and gestures of his companion satisfies the Abbé that he has reached the sought-for place. It is here the scene opens with a view of Toulouse, and *Theodore*, recognizing the habitation of his father, now usurped by his uncle.—His restoration to his fortune constitutes the interest of the plot, of which the means by which that end is accomplished form the principal ingredients. *Julio* recognises the old domestics of his father, and is recognised by them in return. Proofs rise on proofs of his identity; but it is not until after a most obstinate resistance to their force that the uncle confesses his guilt, and restores his property to the injured *Julio*.

There is also an underplot, judiciously blended with the main story. It consists of the love of *St. Alme*, the son of *Darlemont*; but his reverse in disposition, from *Marianne*; all obstacles to which are removed by the generosity of *Julio*, whose first act, after he obtains possession of his fortune, is to settle half of it upon his cousin. From the recital of this

story, the reader might not suppose it a source of great interest. It is therefore impossible to speak of it in adequate terms of praise, without the suspicion of over-rating its merits. We must, however, assert, that of all the productions of this celebrated author, which have yet appeared in an English garb, the present is equal in interest to any, and superior in purity of sentiment and moral to all. The ground which he has chosen has the advantage of novelty, but it has also the disadvantage of being extremely difficult. Of this he seems to have been perfectly aware, for the *Abbé* tells *Franval*, the advocate, whom he engages in his pupil's cause, that "a person who is deaf and dumb, always creates distressing sensations;" and that he was therefore afraid the presence of his pupil might not be pleasing. With such a knowledge of his subject, Kotzebue must have been afraid that the infirmities of nature were dangerous subjects for theatrical exhibition. That the attempt has succeeded in the present instance is owing to the great delicacy and skill with which it is managed. Perhaps too the manner in which Miss De Camp sustained the character of *Julio* contributed not a little to its success. Her fine expressive countenance supplied the deficiencies of speech and hearing. The presence, therefore, of *Julio* was interesting, but not distressing. In all the incidents and situations the author has been peculiarly happy: they are all of the most simple, natural, and domestic kind; they are such as come home to men's business and their bosoms; they are such as they may every day see in the families of others, and tremble for in their own, connected and embellished with all those affecting scenes which render injured innocence doubly interesting by the helplessness of its situation, and all those sentiments of humanity which flow from the peculiar nature of the subject.

The adaptation of this piece to the English stage does not appear to have been a difficult task. It is one, however, which is executed with great care, taste, and judgment. Except that the portrait of *Julio* is more relied on as a principal proof of his identity, all the other incidents are the same as in the original. The characters and the plot also suffer no variation, but in the language and the turn of the sentiment there are many alterations, all of them improvements.

The humane, philosophic Abbé *Del' Epée*, was well sustained by Mr. Kemble; and Mr. Wroughton, in the proud and guilty *Darlemont*, was uncommonly energetic and impressive. Mrs. Mountain, in *Marianne*, the heroine of the piece, had a gentle, delicate part, of no great compass. She was in full voice, and executed a pleasing air allotted to it, with great sweetness: this charming air was composed by Kelly. All the other characters were supported with like success.

The prologue, spoken by Mr. Powell, and the epilogue, by Miss De Camp, were both pertinent to the piece, and possess many good points.

In our next we shall give an interesting extract from this much admired performance.

COVENT GARDEN.

Feb. 14. THE HEIR AT LAW has introduced Mrs. Gibbs again to the town; and the welcome she received sufficiently assured her how great a favourite she is—her simplicity is never rude, her rusticity is never vulgar; she always understands her author, and whenever she fails in execution, it is the fault of nature,

"Who fram'd her in a mould still firm yet delicate."

A blunder of Johnstone's, far from uncharacteristic, contributed to amuse the public for several

minutes: when he laments his old master's being drown'd, he "bothered out"—"Oh twenty *marine* societies could not have saved him," instead of *humane* societies.—The blunder was attempted to be accounted for, by its being said that he had dined at the *Union Club* with the *Irish* members.

In the afterpiece of IL BONDOCANI, the occurrences of the day have indistinct ideas to every man's mind, and every thing that could be twisted to political allusion was eagerly caught after, and every man affected to see in it "more than could be seen."

Mr. Fawcett's *Cadi of Bagdad* had a thousand charms it never possessed before; and the latter part of his air was much applauded.

"I can crack my joke
Like other folk;
Who, when fairly turned out, only call it resigning."

But all the political allusions seemed to be enjoyed in perfect good humour, with the malice of fashion, without a fearful apprehension; every sentiment of loyalty was applauded

"To the very echo that gave it back again."

and seemed to imply, that whatever were the changes in the cabinet, we can securely rely on the firmness, the wisdom, and the affection of OUR KING.

Feb. 15. Last night a new comedy, called THE POOR GENTLEMAN, was produced at this theatre. The principal characters in which, were cast as follows:—

MEN.

Worthington (the Poor Gentleman)	Mr. Murray.
Sir Robert Bramble	Mr. Munden.
Frederic Bramble	Mr. Lewis.
Gallipot	Mr. Fawcett.
Sir Charles Cropland	Mr. Farley.
Corporal	Mr. Knight.

Farmer	Mr. Townsend.
Stephen	Mr. Emery.
Humphry	Mr. Waddy.

WOMEN.

Lady Lucretia Mactab	Mrs. Mattocks.
Emily Worthington	Mrs. Powell.

This piece is the production of Mr. Colman, and indeed has a considerable resemblance to his former pieces in the general style of the characters, the turn of the sentiments, the nature of the incidents, and the point of the dialogue. Without detailing the plot in its several circumstances, it may be sufficent to remark that the business of the piece arises out of the distresses of the *Poor Gentleman*, his introduction to *Sir Robert Bramble* and his nephew, and concludes with the marriage of his daughter to *Frederick Bramble*, and his consequent relief from poverty and suffering.

In the conduct of this plot there is a general deficiency of interest, and the attention of the audience is throughout too often directed to subordinate circumstances and inferior persons, while the final result of the piece is not rendered sufficiently prominent. If deficient, however, in strength of interest, this deficiency is amply made up in a succession of incidents which, while they all tend to the developement of the plot, seem to afford amusement in the absence of more important business—though not of that complicated nature, which never, for a moment, suffer curiosity to be suspended, they bestow that degree of pleasure which is to be derived from broad mirth and coarse humour. Many of the scenes are highly comic; and of the situations, some are not destitute of that kind of embarrassment which at once produces surprise and affords entertainment.—The characters are in general drawn with considerable spirit; and though none of them have at all the merit of originality, they possess a degree of novelty which is

comparatively respectable. The *Poor Gentleman* is a brave soldier, who, after being severely wounded at the siege of Gibraltar, retires on half pay, and his character exhibits a picture of the warmest loyalty, and the most pure honour; and his attendant, the *Corporal*, is no bad representative of the well-known Corporal Trim. *Gallipot*, the apothecary, is a very entertaining character, combining in his manners the habits of his profession, and those of an officer in a corps of volunteer cavalry; and *Sir Robert Bramble* is an amusing picture of an old-fashioned baronet who detests flattery and loves contradiction. The other characters are not striking—they are the mere copies of what have been imitated a thousand times before. Of the sentiments we shall only remark, that they are generous and manly, breathing a spirit of the most enlarged and liberal philosophy. The dialogue is similar to what prevails in the author's other pieces; possessing no claim to chasteness, terseness, or energy. It is distinguished by frequent puns and quibbles, and by them, more than true humour, it excites laughter and affords amusement.

All the actors exerted themselves to considerable advantage, and several of them were more than usually happy in their efforts. We have seldom seen Murray appear to more advantage, and Fawcett was particularly comic in the *Apothecary*; and if he would abate a little of his farcical extravagance, and deliver his part with somewhat less rapidity, it would be little inferior to his *Doctor Panglos*, generally allowed to be one of his most successful exertions. When we mention that Lewis and Munden were more than usually successful in their characters, we have only to add that the others were respectable.

Mrs. Mattocks and Mrs. Powell were much applauded in their parts.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1801.

THE MINSTREL YOUTH,

A LYRIC ROMANCE.

In Three Parts.

By WILLIAM CASE, Jun.

PART I.

DARK was the night—beside his hearth
Hubert was sitting fearless,
Whilst oft by fits the howling blast,
Wide o'er the scene of darkness cast
Strange horrors, doubly cheerless.

"Hark, Wilhelmine!" the old man said,
"How fast the rain is pouring!
"Thank Heaven, within this cottage warm,
"We snugly hous'd, may list the storm,
"Abroad so dreadful roaring.

"Though poor, yet ah, how blest are we!
"Our low and simple dwelling
"Scarce feels the elements' rude shock,
"Whilst the old castle's high walls rock;
"With ev'ry gust loud swelling.

"There mournfully the ivy mourns,
"The battlements surrounding,
"And from each turret's crevice bleak,
"Frequent is heard the owlet's shriek,
"Athwart the gloom hoarse-sounding."

A voice without cried—" Shelter here
" May a poor traveller borrow ?"
He ope'd his latch, he hail'd his guest,
For aye, in Hubert's generous breast,
Deep sunk the plaint of sorrow.

His host the stranger meek approach'd,
In courteous suit low bending;
His cheeks, though ruddy, yet were fair,
The rain adown his matted hair
In heavy drops descending.

His stature was of graceful height,
His carriage unassuming,
In his mild eyebeam sat the while,
Temper'd with manly thought, a smile.
His features all illuming.

In robe of green was Blondel clad,
(His sire, he said, so nam'd him)
A gorget, pendent at his breast,
His russet girdle, harp, and wrest,
A minstrel youth proclaim'd him.

" Stranger, sit down—you are but young,
" Be cheerful, whilst you're able,"
Said Hubert—on his ember fire
Then pil'd the crackling faggot higher,
And spread his homely table.

" Joy," Blondel sigh'd, " is not for me,
" My woes, I fear, are endless,
" Though few the years these eyes have seen,
" Too long, believe me, have I been
" A wanderer poor, and friendless.

" Methinks an happy lot is your's,
" The last of days thus ending,
" Ne'er fearing life's rough storms may rave,
" But downward to the silent grave
" With soft, slow progress wending."

" We envy not our castle's Lord,"
Rejoin'd the aged peasant,
" Far greater bliss 'tis our's to share,
" Our waking thoughts all peaceful are,
" Our dreams by night are pleasant.

" Yet once a pang most keen we felt—
" Pang I shall e'er remember!
" 'Twas when our poor dear Julia died,
" As her low bed I sat beside
" One evening in December.

" Excuse an old man's weakness, friend!
" Soft is a parent's feeling!"—
Whilst Hubert thus essay'd to speak,
The youth adown his wrinkled cheek
Mark'd the big tear-drops stealing.

" You'r'e tired, perchance," resum'd the host,
His words with grief sore laden,
" Else I a tale of woe could tell,
" Would bid your heart with pity swell,
" For Julia, hapless maiden!"

The minstrel cried—" Oh, I could list,
" E'en till the dawn of morrow!
" But midnight is not yet gone by;"—
Old Hubert heav'd a deep drawn sigh,
And thus pour'd forth his sorrow.

" Hard by, upon a green-hill top,
" With a deep moat surrounded,
" A weather-beaten castle stands,
" O'erlooking all the neighbouring lands,
" By the horizon bounded.

" Earl Alric, wretch of thoughts most dark,
" The vast domain possesses,
" In hawking all his days are spent,
" At night loud bursts of merriment
" Ring through his hall's recesses.

" A soul more vile than Alric's sure
" No mortal can inherit;
" Henry, an orphan, with him dwelt,
" Yet he no throb of pity felt,
" For one so rich in merit.

" Poor Henry! of his parents, Heaven
" In earliest youth bereft him;
" His father, on the couch of death,
" Ere yet was flown his vital breath,
" To Alric's care had left him.

" His last injunction Alric heard
" With secret callous pleasure,
" That, instant from the child's death hour,
" His lands, and all his ample dower,
" Should be the Earl's own treasure.

" Ah! many a blow, and stern rebuke,
" Young Henry bore all tearful,
" And once was Alric heard to cry—
" O that this urchin would but die,
" My soul might then be cheerful!"—

" In vain the stripling tried to win
" His guardian's best affection;
" Upon a solitary stone
" Oft would he sit, and sigh alone,
" Alone indulge reflection!

" Well could bear the summer noon,
" Could brave the winter's rigour
" Full eighteen years had met his view,
" And on his chin the soft down grew,
" Betokening youthful vigour.

" And now of Alric's haughty taunts,
" His sickening soul was weary;
" If on each season's slow advance
" He snatch'd a trembling, fearful glance,
" Still seem'd the vision dreary!

" It chanc'd that once, at early morn,
" He stray'd amid a thicket,
" And at the entrance of the wood,
" Our long lost, darling Julia stood,
" Beside our lowly wicket.

" His gaze fell on her—o'er his frame
" He felt the warm blood rushing,
" He trembled, yet he knew not why,
" Love gave sweet witchery to his eye,
" And o'er his cheek stole blushing!

" Ah! daily by our cottage door
" Have I beheld him wandering,
" And oft would he, with sauntering pace,
" The mazes of the pinewood trace,
" In hopeless sorrow pondering.

" Nor less, mean while, our dear girl's pain—
" Oft Henry's name she blesses,
" Her lips on all his graces dwell,
" And that she loves him, O how well
" Her ev'ry act confesses!

" One evening suddenly he came,
" Her fav'rite goat slow leading,
" Whilst butting with its little horns,
" Its feet, entangled in the thorns,
" Were torn, and sadly bleeding.

" He sate awhile where now you sit,
" His arm on Julia leaning;—
" Beshrew me, minstrel! but methought
" E'en then your looks quick darting caught
" His eyes' expressive meaning!

" Yet few poor Henry's visits were,
" Tho' he lov'd Julia dearly,
" For Alric, deeming him too blest,
" Sought how to wound his gentle breast,
" And spake him thus severely—

" Shame on thy coward spirit, boy!
" To waste thy days inglorious;
" Ere I had reach'd my sixteenth year,
" The massy targe I learnt to rear
" In battle, oft victorious.

" Go, Henry! rouse thy courage up,
" Go join the bold crusaders;
" E'en now our Richard Lion-heart
" Calls forth each knight to hurl the dart
" On Salem's rash invaders."

" He ceas'd—the youth retorted brief,
" Of the base charge disdainful;
" Then, as indignant flush'd his cheek,
" Hasten'd his Julia's arms to seek,
" And take a farewell painful.

" And now, on future deeds intent,
" The minutes slow he counted,
" Till cap-à-piè in armour dight,
" Beneath the banner'd cross to fight,
" His courser soon he mounted.

" Ah! fatal hour, that thus could doom
" So fond a pair to sever!
" Poor Julia grew a love craz'd maid,
" Her roseate tints began to fade,
" Her peace was flown—for ever!

" She heeded not the dews of night,
" But wide her lattice flinging,
" Now piteous moan'd, now vacant smil'd,
" Now started up aghastly wild,
" Her broken vespers singing!

" No tidings yet of Henry came,
" Though long had he departed,
" Joyless to her pass'd many a day,
" She pin'd, and pin'd her soul away,
" At length died broken hearted.

" Yet ere she died, my hand she clasp'd,
" Her icy limbs all shivering,
" Father," she cried, " when Henry came"—
" She could no more—the much lov'd name
" On her last breath hung quivering!

" Her grave clothes now are o'er her thrown,
" The earth is now her pillow,
" A croslet marks the little dome,
" Where rests she in her still dark home,
" Beneath a weeping willow.

" Not long since from the castle walls
" The menials far reported,
" That Henry was by Paynims slain,
" Whilst nobly he, on Acon's plain,
" The christian cause supported.

" And though, alas! to them on earth
" So hard a fate was giv'n,
" Still let us hope, their troubles o'er,
" Their gentle souls will part no more,
" Will live for aye—in heaven!"

END OF PART I.

(To be continued.)

THE DAIRY,

FROM THE FARMER'S BOY.

(See our Literary Review in last Month's Number.)

* * * * *

HIS simple errand done, he homeward hies,
Another instantly its place supplies,
The clatt'ring dairy-maid immers'd in steam,
Singing and scrubbing midst her milk and cream,
Bawls out "*Go fetch the cows*:"—he hears no more;
For pigs, and ducks, and turkies, throng the door,
And sitting hens, for constant war prepar'd;
A concert strange to that which late he heard.
Straight to the meadow then he whistling goes;
With well-known halloo calls his lazy cows:
Down the rich pasture heedlessly they graze,
Or hear the summon with an idle gaze;
For well they know the cow-yard yields no more
Its tempting fragrance, nor its wint'ry store.
Reluctance marks their steps, sedate and slow;
The right of conquest all the law they know:
Subordinate they one by one succeed;
And one among them always take the lead,
Is ever foremost, whereso'er they stray;
Allow'd precedence, undisputed sway;
With jealous pride her station is maintain'd,
For many a broil that post of honour gain'd.
At home, the yard affords a grateful scene;
For spring makes e'en a miry cow-yard clean.
Thence from its chalky bed behold convey
The rich manure that drenching winter made,
Which pil'd near home, grows green with many a weed,
A promis'd nutriment for autumn's seed.
Forth comes the maid, and like the morning smiles;
The mistress too, and follow'd close by Giles.
A friendly tripod forms their humble seat,
With pails bright scour'd, and delicately sweet.
Where shadowing elms obstruct the morning ray,
Begins their work, begins the simple lay;

The full-charg'd udder yields its willing streams,
While *Mary* sings some lover's amorous dreams;
And crouching *Giles* beneath a neighbouring tree
Tugs o'er his pail, and chants with equal glee;
Whose hat with tatter'd brim, of nap so bare,
From the cow's side purloins a coat of hair,
A mottled ensign of his harmless trade,
An unambitious, peaceable cockade.
As unambitious too that cheerful aid
The mistress yields beside her rosy maid;
With joy she views her plenteous reeking store,
And bears a brimmer to the dairy door;
Her cows dismiss'd, the luscious mead to roam,
Till eve again recall them loaded home.
And now the DAIRY claims her choicest care,
And half her houshold find employment there:
Slow rolls the churn, its load of clogging cream
At once foregoes its quality and name;
From knotty particles first floating wide
Congealing butter's dash'd from side to side;
Streams of new milk thro' flowing coolers stray,
And snow-white curd abounds, and wholesome whey.
Due north th' unglaz'd windows, cold and clear,
For warming sunbeams are unwelcome here.
Brisk goes the work beneath each busy hand,
And *Giles* must trudge, whoever gives command;
A *Gibeonite*, that serves them all by turns:
He drains the pump, from him the faggot burns;
From him the noisy hogs demand their food;
While at his heels run many a chirping brood,
Or down his path in expectation stand,
With equal claims upon his strewing hand.

LOVE.

Its different Effects on different Minds.

ADDRESSED TO MISS R. P.

LOVE, strangest passion that inspires the breast!
How universal thy despotic sway;
Each nation has thine influence confess'd,
And unborn ages shall thy power obey.

By thee inspir'd, the *hero*, who ere while
Spread vast destruction o'er the embattled plains,
Retirement seeks, his moments to beguile,
And pour his soften'd soul in pensive strains.

To shades impervious to the golden beams
Of yon bright sun, behold he bends his steps;
There to indulge fond fancy's flattering dreams,
And, while he loves, the noise of war forgets.

The *shepherd swain*, by thee directed, quits
His tender lambs, his pipe, and moss-grown cot;
And while his anxious heart with ardour beats,
To win the fair, he seeks a different loof.

Where thundering war, her bloody standard rears,
He speeds his course, and joins the martial train;
And, while his Daphne on his mind he bears,
Dauntless he stands, amidst a thousand slain.

The harden'd *stoic*, by thy power subdu'd,
Melts into tenderness, and drops a tear;
Tho' wont to boast how long he had withstood,
Thy softer influence—see him chang'd appear.

The darling *son of science* bends to thee,
His laurel'd head, and lays his books aside;
While, with before unknown anxiety,
He seeks his lov'd Matilda for his bride.

But not to nations civiliz'd confin'd,
The world at large, owns thy diffusive power;
Alike, O love! dost thou in fetters bind,
The free-born Briton, and the captive Moor.

Where music warbles o'er the Latian Plains,
And the soft sounds re-echo through the grove,
No marvel that, if there love conquering reigns,
For melody attunes the soul to love.

But turn, O muse, and other climes survey,
Where genius smiles not, nor fair science chears;
See ruder nations own his gentle sway,
And the fierce savage in his train appears.

See where, o'er sultry Indus' scorching plains,
The negro youth his captive state deplores;
Where slavery stalking, clanks her galling chains,
And haughty tyrants grasp the golden stores.

Ah! see, beneath some friendly shade reclin'd,
The sable maid, by love's soft power subdu'd,
Pours out the artless burthen of her mind,
And charms the ears of list'ning Oronood.

(Her beauteous form, in jetty charms array'd,
The enamour'd Oronood had long admir'd;
And, as in sad suspense he pensive stray'd,
Enraptur'd heard the strains her love inspir'd.)

To lands that freeze, within the frigid zone,
Muse speed thy flight, and view love's empire there;
See shivering Laplanders his influence own,
And rougher Zemblians his soft bondage wear.

Tho' Sol refuse with genial warmth to cheer
Those ice-bound climes, where winter sovereign reigns,
Yet, that love's holy power is known e'en there,
Witness ye Lapland sonnets, pensive strains.

Should this soft influence reach my Rachael's heart
Oh, may it meet a faithful, kind return,
From one, whose manly soul, devoid of art,
Shall honour truth, and mean disguises scorn.

So shall her gentle bosom never know
The pangs that oft the conscious spirit move;
But wreaths of thornless roses bind her brow,
The thornless roses of propitious LOVE.

Wilton-Cottage. ANNA MARIA.
Taunton, Somerset.

MUTUAL LOVE.

A NEW SONG.

FRIENDSHIP's a noble generous flame,
When steady and sincere,
It woes oppress—from it we claim,
The sympathetic tear:

Friendship may oft its worth impart,
Does oft its value prove,
But there's no friendship cheers the heart,
Like that of mutual love.

When two congenial tempers meet,
Warm'd by love's gentle fires,
Ah! then the bliss enjoy'd—how great,
Which confidence inspires,
For each to each their cares impart,
And thus its value prove;
For there's no friendship cheers the heart
Like that of mutual love.

At length arrives th' expected day,
Appointed to join hands,
The dance and merry roundelay
Shall hail the happy bands,
And long may Hymen joys impart,
Connubial bliss to prove,
For there's no friendship cheers the heart,
Like that of mutual love.

SCOTUS.

SONG,

Translated from the German,

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

SWEET Isor, were thy sunny realm,
And flow'ry fountains mine;
Thy waters I would shade with elm,
To prop the tender vine!

My golden flaggons I would fill,
With rosy draught from every hill,
And under each green spreading bow'r,
My gay companions should prolong
The laugh, the revel, and the song,
To many a sportive hour!

Like rivers crimson'd by the beam
Of yonder planet bright,
Our nectar cups should ever stream
Profusion of delight.

No care should touch the mellow heart,
And sad or sober none depart,
(For wine can triumph over woe);
Then Love and Bacchus, (brother powers)
Might build on Isor's sunny bowers,
A Paradise below!

THE UNION,

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

MR. DIBDIN*,

And sung by him in his New Entertainment, called

THE CAKE-HOUSE.

COME join ev'ry heart, let the air loudly ring,
Of a people united and mighty we sing;
To the ends of the earth, while the tidings are heard,
Be their fame like fate's fiat, applauded and fear'd.
Now, that joy ev'ry bosom receives and imparts,
Come, join this blest union of hands and of hearts:
St. George and St. Andrew, St. Patrick shall join,
The league fix'd as fate, and the compact divine.
While the world's admiration and fear are excited,
To see Ireland and Scotland, and England united.

The tripod of old, had the power to inspire
The priests with poetic and national fire;

*The distinguished patronage which this gentleman experiences from the public, for his meritorious exertions at *Sans Souci*, must be to him highly flattering; yet it is no more than what his singular talents entitle him to; for when it is considered that the attention of a numerous audience is arrested by the performances of an individual, in a manner that cannot fail to interest and please, general approbation must consequently follow.

On the pivot of commerce our tripod shall move,
Whence we prophecy plenty and brotherly love.
Now, that joy ev'ry bosom receives and imparts,
Come, join this blest union of hands and of hearts;
The Thames and the Tweed, and the Shannon shall join,
And myriads of ships to each other consign;
While the world's admiration and fear are excited,
To see Scotland and England, and Ireland united.

Old Shakespear predicted we nothing could rue,
"*While England resolv'd to herself to prove true;*"
Come against us the world then, what risk can we run,
Now that England and Scotland, and Ireland are one.
Now, that joy ev'ry bosom receives and imparts,
Come, join this blest union of hands and of hearts;
The rose, thistle, and shamrock, as graceful they join,
The fair in a wreath for each hero shall twine;
While the world's admiration and fea are excited,
To see England and Ireland, and Scotland united.

TO MY WEDDING RING,

WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF MY MARRIAGE,

October 29th, 1789.

DEARER than rings with diamonds blazing,
Precious pledge of Pallio's love;
Not form'd to excite an idle gazing,
I alone thy worth must prove.

Merely to tell the world I'm married,
Be not alone thy trifling part,
But let instruction too, be carried
From thee, to reach thy wearer's heart.

Prompt thou the lesson of reflection
Each morn when waking I thee see,
O teach, to cherish an affection
That is *plain* and *without end*, like thee.

While such too seems the path of duty,
Instruct me—not my time to lose;
So shall thy want of dazzling beauty
Be compensated by thy use.

But farther still extend thy lesson,
Raise thou my thoughts to better scenes;
So shalt thou prove a real blessing,
Of value—more than what it seems.

Remind—of heaven's eternal circle,
Which like thyself *no end* can shew;
Where wreaths of ever-living myrtle
Shall bind immortal virtue's brow.

In this frail state of man's existence,
Sorrow must follow all our joy;
Ah! there's an hour, at no great distance,
Shall e'en the hymeneal bond destroy.

But, in that world, no bliss is fleeting,
Pallio and I, on that blest shore,
Shall know a second happy meeting,
And love's soft bonds dissolve no more.

Wilton-Cottage, ANNA MARIA.
Taunton, Somerset.

SONNET,

Written at Sea, when returning a Widowed Voyager from the West Indies, 1796.

ALONE on life's tempestuous ocean cast,
A widow, ere the morn of life be past;
Ah! by what skill shall I those rocks avoid,
Which break the foaming waves on every side!

My much lov'd Pollio now no more appears,
To soothe my sorrows and subdue my fears,
With skilful hand my feeble bark to guide,
And bid the threatening dangers all subside.

My God, henceforth do thou my pilot be,
And guide me safely through this troublous sea;
Oh teach me how the heavenly port to gain,
While billows heave, and syrens lure in vain;
And steady as the needle to the pole,
To thee shall point the affections of my soul.

Literary Review.

Secret Memoirs of the Court of Petersburgh, particularly towards the End of the Reign of Catherine II. and Commencement of that of Paul I. forming a Description of the Manners of Petersburgh at the Close of the Eighteenth Century; and containing various Anecdotes, collected during a Residence of Ten Years in that Capital. Together with Remarks on the Education of the Grand Dukes—the Manners of the Ladies—and the Religion of the People. Translated from the French. In Two Volumes. Longman and Rees. 10s.

THE present misunderstanding between us and Russia, renders every thing respecting the characters and manners, an object of greater curiosity. The conduct of *Paul* has been so strange, that even politicians are puzzled to account for it. Our noble ally is at once changed into the bitterest enemy.

The Russians appear, from this publication, to be a motley character—and many of them may be pronounced half way between barbarity and civilization. But a sketch will be expected of this work.

The two volumes are distributed into *eleven* chapters, under the following titles—The King of Sweden's visit to Petersburgh.—Catherine II.—Of the Favourites.—Accession of Paul.—Has Paul reason to fear the fate of Peter III.—What revolu-

tions may be expected to take place in Russia.—National Character.—Religion.—Female government.—Education and Supplement. The author, though unknown, is certainly a sagacious observer of men and manners. His remarks have all the appearance of truth and integrity.

The part which entertained us most, was the account of PAUL, the present emperor; the anecdotes of whom are so curious, that they shall be transcribed.

" The prince, whom Paul appears to have chosen for the prototype of his reign and actions, is Frederic William, father of the great king of Prussia *. The same austerity of manners, and the same passion for soldiers, are found in the Russian autocrate. For the rest, I have drawn, I conceive, the character of Paul in relating his actions; if not, the task, I confess, is above my powers. It is well known, that nothing is so difficult to paint as an infant, whose physiognomy is as yet unsettled, and it is the same with the character of an eccentric man. The most favourable plea we can make for him is, that the light of the French revolution has touched his brain, and disordered his intellects. It had already disturbed the much stronger head of his mother. It is said, that the people of Paris, crowding to see Paul, then a youth, cried, " My God, how ugly he is!" and that he had the good sense to laugh at it †. He is not improved since he is grown

* This he does not allow; for he said one day, " I will be Frederic II. in the morning, and Louis XIV. at night."

† He is greatly changed; or rather, he now dares shew himself what perhaps he was already. A poor soldier, in the agony of his sufferings under the cane, by Paul's orders, for a trifling fault in his exercise, cried out in despair, " Cursed baldhead! cursed baldhead!" The enraged autocrate gave orders that he should expire under the knout; and issued a proclamation, by which it was prohibited, under pain of the same pu-

old, bald, and wrinkled. The empress appears by his side like one of those beautiful women who are painted with a little deformed blackamoor near them, as a contrast to their dignity and grace. The singularity which he affects in his dress, and the severity of his manners, add greatly to his deformity. Without excepting even the Kalmuks and the Kirghises, Paul is the ugliest man in his extensive dominions; and he himself considers his countenance as so shocking, that he dares not impress it upon his coin*.

"I shall here subjoin some traits, which will serve to describe Paul by his own actions; and will prove, that when grand-duke, he announced what we have seen of him since his accession.

"Near his castle of Pavlofsky he had a terrace, from which he could see all the centinels, whom he delighted to station about him, wherever there was room for a centry box. On this covered terrace he spent a part of each day, and observed with a spying glass all that was passing about him. Often he sent a servant to a centinel, to order him to button or unbutton a little more of his coat, to keep his musket higher or lower, to walk at a greater or lesser distance from his centry box. Sometimes he would go himself nearly half a mile to give these important or-

nishment, for any one to make use of the term bald, in speaking of the head, or snubbed, in speaking of the nose.

* The new coins have not his effigy, but his cypher merely, with the following words of scripture, which, in such a connection, have no meaning: "Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name." Probably it is some device of martinism, or of *obscurantism*, which Paul patronises. It even appears, that he is going to establish this order with that of Malta, of which, to the astonishment of all Europe, he has just declared himself grand-master, at the very instant of forming an alliance with the Turks. O my friends, can you refrain from laughter? But, alas!

Quidquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi.

ders, and would cane the soldier, or put a rouble into his pocket, according as he was angry or pleased with him.

"Pavlofsky was an open village, yet guards were appointed, who wrote down the names of all who entered it, or went out of it, and who were obliged to tell whence they came, whither they were going, or what they wanted. Every evening each house was visited, to learn if there were any strangers there. Every man who wore a round hat, or had a dog with him, was arrested. The village, which had been much frequented because of its beautiful situation, soon became a desert; persons turned out of their way to avoid it; and when Paul was perceived at a distance, he was carefully shunned. These circumstances encreased his displeasure and suspicions, and he often caused the persons, who thus sought to avoid him, to be pursued and questioned.

"One day he put all the officers of his battalion under arrest, because they had saluted him awkwardly in filing off after their drill, and he ordered them to be called out for eight days successively to file off and salute before him, sending them regularly back to the guard-house till they were able to perform according to his fancy.

"Exercising one day his regiment of cuirassiers, the horse of an officer threw him. Paul ran furiously towards him, crying, "Get up, rascal." — "Your highness, I cannot, I have broken my leg." Paul spat upon him, and retired swearing.

"Passing at another time unexpectedly and secretly by one of his guard-houses, the officer, not knowing him, did not order out his men: upon which he instantly turned back, boxed the ears of the officer, and ordered him to be disarmed, and put under arrest.

"One day, travelling from Tzarsko-selo to Gatshina, of which the road was in the middle of a marshy forest, he suddenly recollected something, and ordered the coachman to return. "Presently, your highness," said the coachman; "the road is here too

narrow."—"How, rascal," cried Paul, "wont you turn immediately." The coachman, instead of answering, hastened to a spot where it was possible to comply: Paul, however, called to his equerry, and ordered him to arrest and punish the rebellious coachman. The equerry assured him, that he would turn in a moment. Paul flew into a passion with the equerry also: "You are a pitiful scoundrel like himself," said he. "Let him overturn the carriage, let him break my neck, but let him obey me, and turn the instant I command him." During the dispute the coachman succeeded in turning, but Paul had him chastised on the spot.

"Since his accession, one of his horses stumbled with him in one of the streets of Petersbnrg: he alighted immediately, held a sort of council with his attendants, and the horse was condemned to receive fifty lashes with a whip. Paul caused them to be given on the spot, before the populace, and counted himself the strokes, saying, "There, sir, that is for having stumbled with the emperor."

"One day, when only grand-duke, he met in the gardens a man with a round hat, who wished to avoid him. Paul caused the man to be brought before him, and found that he was a clock-maker, who came to repair his time-keepers. After having at great length remonstrated with him on the indecency of round hats, he asked his wife for some pins, and raising the flaps of the hat, cocked it himself, and then replaced it upon the head of its owner.

"To balance this multitude of absurdities, he exhibits many traits of humanity: the pensions which he has bestowed on the unfortunate, the hospitals which he has founded for his soldiers, the provisions which he distributes among his poor officers, and other acts of benevolence andjustice, attest that he deserves the character rather of a capricious than a bad man."

Such are the traits of the present Russian monarch—let the reader form his own judgment respecting them. His character surely, under such

circumstances, cannot command respect. Discontent will prevail among his subjects, and probably effect a revolution when least expected by him. Insanity proves the best apology for his conduct. Such a man, however, is capable of doing incredible mischief to the millions under his jurisdiction, and to the many nations by which his extensive dominions are surrounded. Wishing well to the human race, we hope Paul will reform, or that Providence will raise up some other monarch in Russia, more friendly to the peace and happiness of the world.

The immodesty of the Russian women, and the superstitions of the Greek church, are disgusting to every sensible mind. We sincerely wish that the customs, manners, and government of Russia were more favourable to human improvement.

Providence Displayed; or, the remarkable Adventures of Alexander Selkirk, of Largo, in Scotland, who lived Four Years and Four Months by himself, on the Island of Juan Fernandez, from whence he returned with Captain Rogers, of Bristol; and on whose Adventures was founded the celebrated Novel of Robinson Crusoe. With a Map of the Island, and Twenty-four Cuts. By Isaac James. Button. 3s.

MR. James has industriously collected the several particulars that are extant respecting that singular man, *Selkirk*, whose history, it is acknowledged on all hands, gave rise to Robinson Crusoe. Mere matter of fact, however, though much to be desired in all cases, yet certainly falls far beneath the flights of imagination. It is curious, however, to trace the broad basis on which De Foe has raised his reveries—for which he is now famed throughout the world.

Alexander Selkirk was born at Largo, in Scotland, in or about the year 1676. His father was a shoemaker and tanner—to the former of which the son was bred—but disliking the occupation, went to sea. Contrary to the opinion of Dr. Beattie and others, he was not illiterate—for he was acquainted with mathematics and navigation. He sailed with Captain Dampier, who left the Dowhs April 30th, 1703. Selkirk was sailing-master in the Cinque Ports gally—and commenced his memorable solitude at Juan Fernandez October 1704. Dampier, who had been the means of leaving this poor man on a savage island, was the destined instrument by which his deliverance was obtained. In February 1709, he again reached the island, and rescued him from the barbarous state in which he found him—having been there four years and four months. Selkirk arrived in England, after having spent eight years, one mon h, and three days, in surrounding the globe. In his return, he visited America, Asia, Africa, and Europe. He became well known to the merchants and captains about the exchange. Sir Richard Steele thus mentions his acquaintance with him:—"The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity. I had the pleasure *frequently* to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England, 1711. It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude. When I first saw him, I thought if I had not been let into his character and story, I could have discerned that he had been much separated from company, from his aspect and gesture—there was a strong, but cheerful seriousness in his looks, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. The man frequently be-

wailed his return to the world, which could not be said, with all its enjoyments, to restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months absence he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him. Familiar converse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face. This plain man's story is a memorable example that he is happiest who confines his wants to natural necessities, and he that goes farther in his desires, encreases his wants in proportion to his acquisitions; or, to use his own expressions —I am now worth 800l. but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing!" *Englishman*, No. 26. Dec. 3, 1713.

Mr. Selkirk is supposed to have returned to his native place, and settled there—remaining in England till about the year 1720. The beating of a boy occasioned his leaving Largo, and his friends never heard of him afterwards. Thus unfortunately ends his history. John Selkirk, his grand nephew, a weaver at Largo, was living in September 1794, and remembers having slept with him repeatedly. The same person was in possession of the *gun* and *chest* which his great uncle brought from *Juan Fernandez*. They also had a drinking-cup of cocoa-nut shell, tipped with silver, which had been his property; but the silver is now gone, and the cup only remains.

Thus it seems, from the narrative before us, that *Selkirk*, who gave rise to *Robinson Crusoe*, the most entertaining novel in the world, has himself disappeared in a manner which has never been ascertained. This is a curious circumstance—and shews the vicissitudes to which our present condition is subjected. We feel ourselves obliged to Mr. James for his collection of these interesting

particulars, and were gratified by the perusal of them. We, however, do not join with this author in believing the report so generally propagated, that De Foe stole the History of Selkirk, and appropriated it to his own use, without making any remuneration. The fact appears to be, that for some years previous to the publication of Robinson Crnsoe, the particulars of Selkirk's residence at Juan Fernandez had been published. This completely exonerates De Foe from the charge—and an explanatory paper on the subject will be found in one of the former numbers of our Miscellany. We refer our readers back to that portion of our work, because we wish to vindicate the dead from unjust imputations—and we presume that the statement there will afford a due degree of satisfaction.

The accounts, at the end of this publication, of other persons in similar situations with Selkirk, are entertaining, and not generally known to the public. Some of the particulars indeed are almost incredible, but so we should have thought those concerning Selkirk, had they not been fully attested. It must be remembered, that the situations into which travellers, both by sea and land, are sometimes thrown, rouse the energies of the mind, and enable them to accomplish deeds which otherwise they would not have attempted. Such is the case of most persons who are hardy enough to visit the distant parts of the world.

Retrospect of the Political World,
FOR FEBRUARY, 1801.

IN our account of politics for last month, we adverted to the dark aspect of affairs in the north, where all the *powers* were indignantly frowning upon us, and meditating our destruction. Nothing remarkable has since happened in that quarter, nor do we hear that any movement has transpired. The hostile disposition existing there still prevails in its full force; but we hope that even still something may be done to allay the fury of the enemy. On our part, for the forfeiture of British property, and for the ill usage of British sailors, we are entitled to an honourable indemnification.

The great event long expected, has at length taken place on the continent—a PEACE between France and the Emperor of Germany! The articles were signed on the 9th of Februry at *Luneville*, in Lorrain, sixty miles west of Strasburgh. The principal articles of the treaty are, the cession of the Netherlands to France, and the country of Falkenstein and the Frickthal. Istria, Dalmatia, the Venetian Islands in the Adriatic, and Venice, are confirmed to the Emperor. The Brisgau is given up to the Duke of Modena. The Grand Duke of Tuscany is to give up Tuscany to the infant Duke of Parma, and is to receive an indemnity in Germany. The Emperor consents for the German empire, that France shall possess all the countries on the left bank of the Rhine, which formed part of the German empire. France gives up Dusseldorf, Ehrenbretstein, Philipsburg, Cassel, Kehl, and all Brisac. The German princes who have been dispossessed of territories on the left bank, are to be indemnified on the right. Holland, Switzerland, Liguria, and the Cisalpine, are included in the treaty as independent republics. The treaty is to be ratified in *thirty* days from the 9th of February. The signature of the treaty, as might be expected, occasioned the greatest joy at

Paris. We have been thus particular on the subject, because the event is of great importance to the world, and will, in the eyes of many, draw after it consequences which will affect even our posterity.

At *home* our attention has been occupied in the change of ministry—which has excited very general speculation. An *entire list* of the NEW MINISTRY has not yet been made out; we must, of course, postpone its insertion till the next number of our miscellany.*

On Wednesday, the 18th, Mr. PITT, notwithstanding his previous resignation, opened the *budget*. The following are

THE NEW TAXES.

TEA, 10l. per cent. on all above 2s. 6d. per lb.		£300,000
PAPER, double the present duty, with a few exceptions, and some allowance for newspapers		135,000
PRINTED GOODS, additional duty of 2½ on all paying 3½		140,000
SUGARS, 1s. 10d. per cwt. the convoy duty made proportionable, and the temporary one to cease		123,000
TIMBER, one-third of the present duties		100,000
PEPPER 3d. per lb. home consumption		8,000
Ditto, exported, 6d. per lb.		92,000
LEAD, 20s. per ton, exported		12,000
TRAIN OIL, 20s. a ton		12,000
RAISINS, 1l. 6s. per cwt.		12,000
POST-OFFICE		150,000
STAMPS		340,000
HORSES for pleasure, where only one 10s.	£.63,000	136,000
On all above one 20s	73,000	
Ditto, for husbandry, 4s.		170,000
		£1,730,000

* The most probable reason for this delay is on account of the very serious indisposition under which our Sovereign at present labours, with the particulars

At this moment a report circulates, which we hope is founded in truth—it is, that the new ministry are turning their attention towards a PEACE! A cabinet council was held on Friday the 20th, which was supposed to deliberate concerning the best means by which this inestimable blessing can be procured. Some persons indeed are so sanguine in their expectations on this head, that they say a message has been actually sent to *Buonaparte* on the subject, and that therefore matters will be speedily adjusted. We cannot, for ourselves, say any thing for certainty. The late change which has taken place in his majesty's councils, may have been for this purpose. We sincerely hope that this will prove to be the case—and that PEACE, with *her long train of blessings*, may make a lasting visit to Great Britain, our beloved country.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

(From the London Gazette.)

JOS. BORGNIS, Great Portland-street, printseller. Geo. Brooks, Oxford-street, linen-draper. T. Carver, Bedford, baker. T. Spencer, Great Wigston, Leicestershire, victualler. T. Parkinson, Yorkshire, miller. Sarah Cotterell, and Thomas Cotterell, Cricklade, Wiltshire, linen-drapers. R. Park, Manchester, victualler. R. Woodward, Liverpool, merchant. Jos. Haslewood, Birmingham, gunmaker. R. Kennett, Queen Charlotte-row, St. Mary-le-bonne, upholder. J. Bray, Malling, Kent, hop-merchant. J. Arcles, Newcastle upon Tyne, linen-draper. J. Wilkins, Pagan-hill, Gloucestershire, corn-dealer. G. Kerbey, Bristol, grocer. J. Cavenaugh, Portsea, Southampton, ship-chandler. J. W. Salmon, Manufacturer; and J. Heslop, Bow-lane, London, warehouseman. J. Heawood, Stockport, Chester, manu-

of which, no doubt, our readers are in general acquainted. That Providence may soon restore him to his family and to his subjects, is our most sincere wish, and, we trust, is the fervent prayer of every friend to his country.

facturer. J. Darby, Walbrook, pocket-book maker. J. Mills, Brook-green, Hammersmith, linen-draper. J. Weston, Camberwell, bricklayer. J. Grint, Wandsworth, Surrey, cornchandler. W. Hawes, Hanwell, Middlesex, soap-manufacturer. Sarah Bradbury, Manchester, cotton-spinner, Jo. Jones, Liverpool, victualler. T. Chamley, Liverpool, earthenware-dealer. C. Gregory, Elstow, Bedfordshire, baker. P. Heathcoate, Walsal, Staffordshire. M. Peairce, Blackman-street, cheesemonger. S. Hide, Ware, Hertford, broker. G. Ross, Finsbury-square, wine-merchant. S. Stenson, Kensington, cheesemonger. J. Baker, Staines, coachmaster. W. Newton. London-field, Hackney. J. Roberts, Pontefract, Yorkshire, Druggist. Benjamin Flesher, Liverpool, druggist. W. Morgan, Plymouth-dock, vintner. W. Glover, Bristol, dealer. J. Bateman, Kingston upon Hull, merchant. J. Hadfield, Sheffield, grocer. E. Bate, Liverpool, merchant. Thomas Morse, of Horsley, Gloucestershire, clothier. John Edwards, Kington, woolstapler, Peter Walker, Dudley, Worcestershire, draper. William Boot, of Coventry, carrier. John Musket, of Cromer, Norfolk, merchant. Shields Legg, of Portsea, shoemaker. Thomas Manson, of Tokenhouse Yard, merchant. John Tailby, of Desborough, Northamptonshire, butcher. Thomas Downy, of Sunderland, near the Sea, ship-owner. John Creed and Thomas Morse, of Horsley, Gloucestershire, clothiers. Daniel Burges, of Blaby, Leicestershire, victualler. John Clayton, of Kirdford, Sussex, jobber in cattle. James Mac Connel, of Dunkirk, merchant. William Allen, of No. 14, High-street, Birmingham, druggist and grocer. John Whitaker, Sulford, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer. Miles Burkitt, Three Crane Wharf, London, soap manufacturer. John Fielding, Halifax, innkeeper. Thomas Hughes, Liverpool, taylor. John Stagg, Great Yarmouth, grocer. John Twemlow, Stockport, Chester, hat-manufacturer. Edward Scholfield, Nat-bank, Middleton, Lancashire, fustian-manufacturer. Alexander Butler, Blackburn, Lancashire, factor. John Keyte, Kidderminster, Worcestershire, builder and upholder.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. Incledon, of Covent Garden theatre, to Miss Howell, daughter of Mr. Howell, of Bath. The Rev. W. Beville, A. M. chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Manchester, to Mrs. Rochfort, relict of the late W. Rochfort, Esq. of Upper Berkeley-street.

DEATHS.

At her house in London, the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Carr. At Market Deeping, Mr. Henry Butler, sen. aged 77 years. It may be worthy of remark, that although he had been married near half a century, and had a large family, his own death was the first which happened in it during that extent of time. At Irvine, Robert Smith, weaver, aged 101 years. He worked at his trade till within three weeks of his death, used to travel three miles every Sunday to church, and could read the print of a common pocket bible without the assistance of glasses. About twelve months ago he travelled from Ayr to Irvine, a distance of 12 English miles, in the space of three hours.

To Correspondents.

The numerous favours of Correspondents have poured in so fast upon us, this Month, that we must, however reluctantly, be under the necessity of again postponing our acknowledgments in many instances, to which it was our intention to have given place in the present Number. But to our *Enigmatic Friends* in particular, we must beg leave to observe, that in future, no articles will be admitted, which are not strictly original, or acknowledged as otherwise. We profess to have little skill in *enigmatic lore*, but have discovered that our Correspondent (T. H.) last month, had recourse to a provincial publication for some of those which appeared, and took to himself the credit of their originality.

In what estimation we hold the communication of W. Case, our attention to him in the present Number will best prove.

Honoria, Felicia, T. R. &c. are under consideration.

The past month having furnished us with nothing sufficiently interesting for our *Chronologist*, we have been enabled to go more into detail with many valuable articles.

Engraved by Jost Chapman

ROBERT BURNS.

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